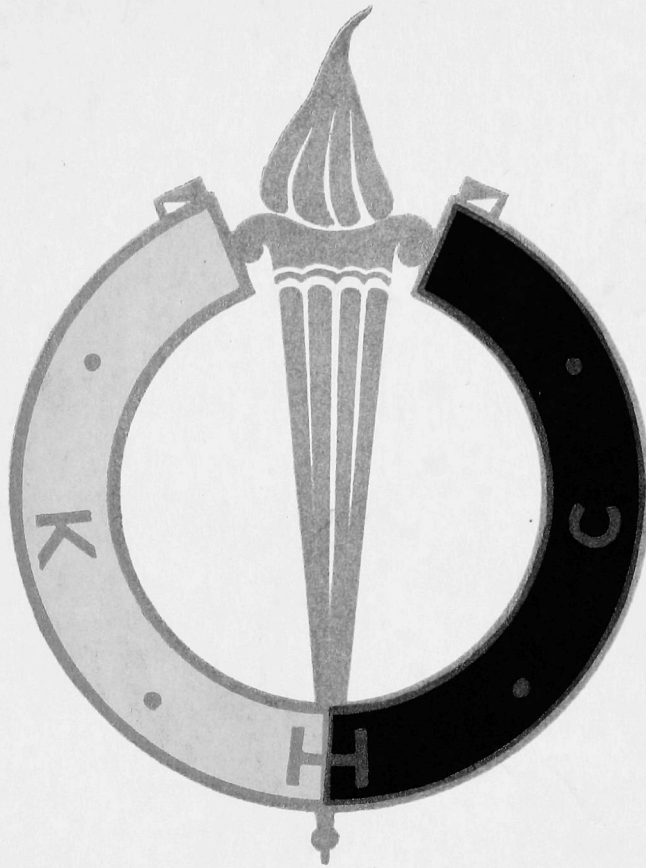


Veretty Reid.



King's Hall

1947

King's Hall Magazine

June 1947

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MISS GILLARD

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KATHERINE PATERSON

Assistant Editor

PEGGY BEATTIE

Advertising Manager

SHEILA STEWART

Art Committee

ROSEMARY MACKEEN

SUSAN SEXTON

HEATHER MACIVER

Form Representatives

MIRIAM BAKER, VI-A.

PRISCILLA WANKLYN VI-B.

JUDY MORKELL V-A.

Photographs

MISS WALLACE and THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Staff Advisors

MISS SIMPSON

MISS MORRIS

MISS MACLENNAN

MISS HUGHES

Editorial

During the war-years the people of different countries joined together to reach a common goal. In those times we did not criticize or complain, we were too busy fighting. On the battlefield, when death stared us in the face, we were forced to put aside our prejudices and recognize the finer qualities of our fellow men. But now that our end has been attained and we are struggling through the period of readjustment, we have time to sit back and look at our neighbours from a distance. Our interests are once more divided and as each country endeavours to settle its own problems and restore peace to its own ravaged land, it looks with distrust upon the people of other nations. Again we are out for our own ends and our prejudices and suspicions have been formed anew.

Yet our statesmen are doing their utmost to set up world government, and to establish this unity they must have the co-operation of the

people. The barriers of fear and bitterness which have been built up must be broken down and, to do this, the ignorance which has brought about these feelings must be replaced by an understanding and toleration of each other's weaknesses. Unless the inhabitants of every country make an effort to see other people's points of view as well as their own, the idea of peaceful discussion of international affairs about the conference table will never be put into action.

It is the duty of every individual to broaden his or her outlook, to take a personal interest in the world's problems and to try to understand the people of other races. The time has come to put aside our petty feelings and through toleration to help the leaders of the United Nations be successful in drawing the countries of the world closer together to promote universal peace.

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation to all those who have so kindly helped us in editing and producing this year's magazine. Miss Simpson, Miss Morris and Miss MacLennan have very generously given up their spare time to advise us in every way possible and without their aid the magazine could never have been published.

We would also like to thank Miss Hughes for her work in the advertising department. Miss Wallace, assisted by the Photography Club, has given up many afternoons and taken infinite trouble over the matric pictures, on which she has done a most professional job.

We are grateful for the help we have received from girls who have untiringly (and uncomplainingly) done the most tedious job of all—that of copying.

THE EDITORS.



May 24th, 1947.

Dear Girls:

So another year is drawing to a close! And it has been a happy year for me as far as the School is concerned, and I hope for you all. I want to thank you all for your co-operation and understanding. With so much turmoil, mistrust and suspicion in the world it is more than ever important for each one to try to build up around us her oasis of loyalty, hope and serenity. You ask, "How can it be done?" The way is so simple and yet so difficult. It can be summed up in a few short words which I read the other day. These are they, "Be kind. Shun all evil. Seek the good. Be pure in heart and mind. Love your God and love your neighbour. Serve your fellow-man."

I am writing this at Whitsuntide—at the time when we are commemorating once more the gift of the Holy Spirit—the Spirit of Jesus Christ—the Spirit of Humility and Service. There is not one amongst you who has not countless reasons for being humbly grateful. You should realise that privilege carries with it grave responsibility, and should resolve to give back to the world in cheerful and loving service, measure for measure and brimming over, the love and security which have been your portion. The more you give to life the more you will get from it. It is only by forgetting self that you can experience the true happiness expressed in the words,

"What I gave, I have."

Yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE GILLARD

Head Girl

MARJORIE BUNBURY "Bunny" 1943-1947
Quebec City, Que. Head Girl

"None knew her but to love her,
Nor named her but to praise."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, School, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Skiing, "C and B" Tests; Badminton, semi-finals singles 1944; semi-finals doubles 1945; Tennis, finals, doubles 1944; Form Captain, 1943-1944.

Bunny has been at K.H.C. since 1943. During her four years with us she has contributed greatly to all activities of school life. She has made an excellent head girl and is liked and respected by all. Bunny's plans for next year are undecided but whatever she does we all wish her the best of luck.

Ambition—To be a Nurse.



THE PREFECTS' REPORT

The opening of school as usual, brought many new girls to K.H.C. They settled into school life and we found many all round good sports, and good friends.

Rideau, MacDonald, and Montcalm continued their traditional amicable rivalry in sports and work, in which they were all fairly evenly matched.

Each house was well represented in the field of sports, all of the games being very close. The VI-A's brought renown to their respective houses in the form games.

In early May the Glee Club gave an excellent performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers", Rideau, MacDonald and Montcalm all having members in the leading roles. The Matric and VI-A entertainments were enjoyed by all.

The art students did a most effective job in decorating the gym for the annual school dance, and in painting the scenery for the "Gondoliers."

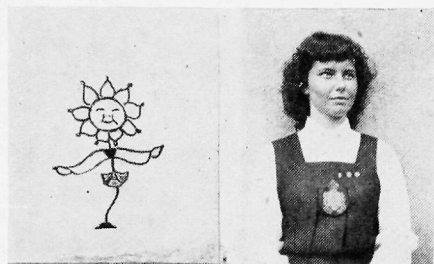
This year a library committee was chosen and representatives from all the forms helped to catalogue the library and assisted the girls in choosing books for outside reading.

We would like to thank everyone for their enthusiasm in helping us to make this year a success. We hope that next year the Prefects will have as much friendly co-operation and will enjoy working with the girls as much as we have.

Good luck in 1948.

THE PREFECTS.

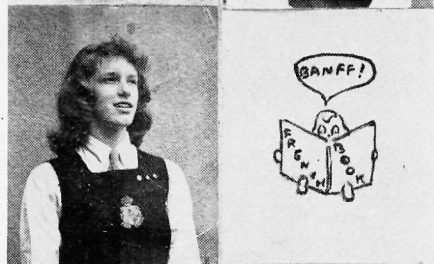
Prefects



CAROL GILES 1944-1947
Cornwall, Ont. Head of MacDonald
"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Glee Club, Dramatics, House Basketball; School, House and Form Soccer; House and Form Volleyball; Form Speedball; Form Baseball; Form Hockey; Skiing "C" Test. Sports Captain 1945; Form Captain 1945-1946.

Carol has made a wonderful head of MacDonald and we will miss her next year. Have fun at McGill Carol.

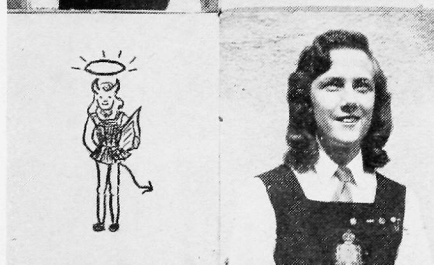


ROSEMARY MACKEEN 1943-1947
Ottawa, Ont. Prefect on MacDonald

"Two blue eyes, a saucy curl,
Winning ways—what a girl!"

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee, Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, School, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Skiing, "C" Test; Badminton '44, '45, '46. Magazine Art Editor.

We don't know what the form would have done without Ro's artistic ideas for every entertainment. Ro is a capable prefect. We wish you the very best of luck at Toronto Art School, Ro.



BARBARA ROBB 1944-1947
Westmount, Que. Head of Montcalm

"Live and learn,
If you have time for both"

Glee Club, Dramatics, Basketball, School, House, Form; Soccer, School, House Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Ski Test "C"; Badminton, senior finals, 1946.

Robb came to us three years ago, bringing with her an inimitable wit. As a prefect and head of Montcalm she proved herself very capable.

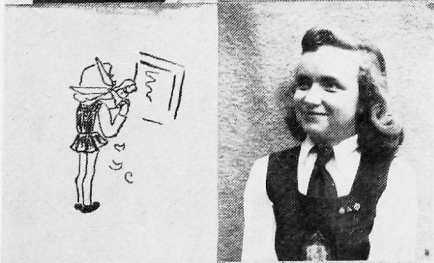


LINDA PALMER 1944-1947
Montreal, Que. Prefect on Montcalm

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Skiing, "C" Test; Form Captain, VI-B, VI-A.

One of our star divers, Linda also shines in the classroom and has proved a very able prefect this year. We all wish her every success at McGill.

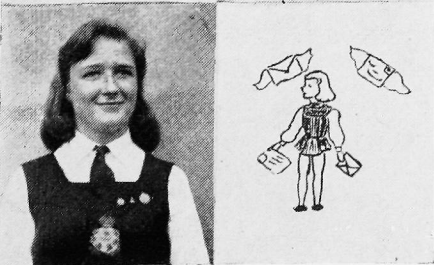


MARY HOBART 1943-1947
Montreal, Que. Head of Rideau

"I can be as good as I please, if I please to be good."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Ski Test "C"; Tennis senior double finals 1944. Sports Captain on Montcalm 1945-46.

Shob has always taken an interest in sports and has made an excellent prefect as head of Rideau.



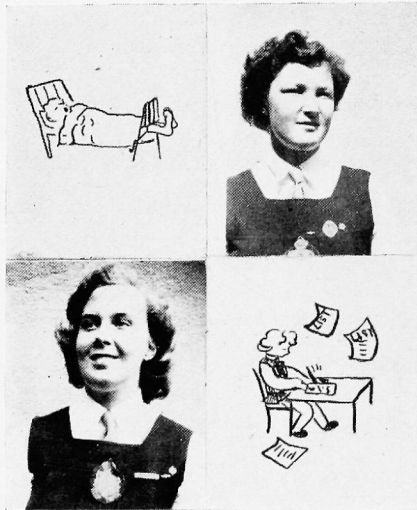
AUDREY ROBINSON 1941-1947
Westmount, Que. Prefect on Rideau

"Dead she lay among her books,
The peace of heaven was in her looks."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, School, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Skiing, "C" Test; Badminton, 1946; Tennis 1944. Sports Captain, V-A, VI-A, Form Captain, IV-A.

During her six years here Aud has contributed to school life in every way and this year has been a very good prefect. We all wish Aud the best of luck in her business course next year.

KING'S HALL, COMPTON



BARBARA BLAKE
Westmount, Que.

1943-1947
Montcalm
Sports Captain

"Her stature tall,—I hate dumpy women."
Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Ski Tests "C and B".

Since Bee Bee came to us she has excelled in sports of every kind. Her smile and her long legs have carried her through to be an excellent Sports Captain. Best of luck next year at Macdonald College, Bee Bee.

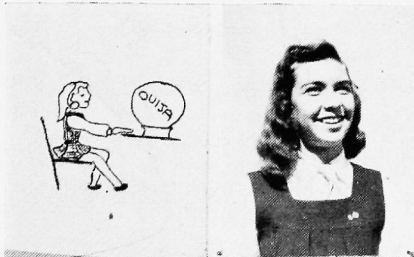
MARGARET SHIPMAN
Donnacona, Que.

1943-1947
Montcalm
Residence Captain

"In every deed of mischief, she had a heart to resolve, a head to connive and a hand to execute."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Basketball, Form; Volleyball, Form, House; Hockey, House; Ski Test "C"; Form Captain; Matric 1946-47.

Shippy, as well as entertaining us with laughter and jokes, has always been among the successful workers and has done a marvelous job as Residence Captain. We wish her luck at McGill next year.



PEGGY BEATTIE
Hamilton, Ont.

1945-1947
MacDonald

"In school quiet and demure,
Outside, well, don't be too sure!"

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Photography Club; Magazine Committee; House and Form Basketball; School, House and Form Soccer; House and Form Volleyball; House and Form Speedball; Skiing "C" Test; Matric Form Captain; Assistant Editor of the Magazine.

Peggy as our Form Captain has been burdened with the sins of our class. In the two years that she has been with us she has been our class genius and has also excelled in sports. Good luck at McMaster University, Peggy.



ELIZABETH BERLYN
Enfield, Connecticut, U.S.A.

1944-1947
Rideau

"Anything awful makes me laugh;
I once misbehaved at a funeral."

Choir; Glee Club; House and Form Soccer; Form and House Volleyball; House Hockey; House Baseball; Skiing "C" Test.

Libby Ann has been here since VI-B; during that time she has taken part in all school activities. She is especially interested in Art, which she hopes to take up as her career after leaving Smith.



SALLY BOOTHE
Toronto, Ont.

1944-1947
Rideau

"I abhor the very dullness of existence."

Choir; Dramatics; Basketball, School, House, Form; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, School, House, Form; Baseball, House, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Ski Test "C".

Classes are never dull when Sal is around, that is when she chooses to come out of the spare. We're all looking forward to buying "Boothe Creations" in the near future.



MARTHA DAURA
Lynchburg, Va.

1946-1947
MacDonald

"The educated Southerner has no use for an "r" except at the beginning of a word"

Glee Club; Dramatics; Library Committee; Photography Club; Form Basketball; House and Form Volleyball.

Martha came to us this year from Virginia, complete with Southern accent to liven our history class by holding up the Confederate end of the Civil War debate.



ELIZABETH DAWSON 1943-1947
Sherbrooke, Que. MacDonald

"There is a sign over the piano which reads: Don't shoot the pianist, she's doing her best."

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Form Basketball; Form Volleyball; Skiing "C" Test.

Betty came for two terms in V-A, and has been with us ever since. Her musical genius has entertained us all year, and we all join in wishing her the best of luck in a musical career.

Ambition—McGill Arts.

JILL FOSTER 1943-1947
Westmount, Que. MacDonald

"When I feel like working, I just lie down until the feeling passes away."

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; House and Form Volleyball; Skiing "C" Test; Tennis finals; doubles 1944.

Jill came to us in V-A and since then has kept the class in constant laughter. Next year she plans to go to Macdonald College. Good luck Jill—we are sure those big blue eyes and cheerful smile will see you through!

ENID MARY GRAHAM 1945-1947
Toronto, Ont. Rideau

"E'en though vanquished,
She would argue still."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Photography Club; Basketball, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, Form; Skiing "C" Test; President of the Photography Club.

Enid Mary came in VI-A. She has been interested in photography and was an able president this year. She has been one of our form's best divers and an enthusiastic sport. Enid hopes to go in for dramatics and we all wish her the best of luck.

CLARICE HARRIS 1945-1947
Beloeil Station, Que. Rideau

"She's quiet it's true
But we wonder, don't you?"

Dramatics. Unable to take up sports.

During her two years here, Clarice's motto has been "life may not be one grand sweet song but it has its moments anyway." She is known for the way in which she suddenly shines forth among the "brains" of the form at exam time. Best of luck next year at Macdonald, Clarice.

Ambition—Commercial Artist.

JOANNE HEWSON 1946-1947
Hampstead, Que. MacDonald

"A carefree laughing girl, a sport, a friend in short, a girl on whom you may depend."

Photography Club; Basketball, House, Form; Soccer, School, Form; Volleyball, Form; Skiing, "C and B" Tests.

Jo, we are so glad you came to us this year. You've been a great help to all our sports and you've been a wonderful friend to us all. Good luck at McGill.

JILL JOHNSON 1943-1947
Thetford Mines, Que. MacDonald

"My object all sublime,
I shall achieve in time."

Dramatics; Form Volleyball.

For the past four years our Compton sun has always been faithful to Jill and given her a dark brown tan. Next year she will be at Macdonald College taking Household Science. The best of luck Jill, and we are sure that you will do well.



ROSEMARY KELLEY 1940-1947
Compton, Que. MacDonald

"That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy."

Library Committee; Dramatics; Choir; Basketball, Form; Volleyball, Form, House; Hockey, Form, House; Baseball, Form, House; Soccer, Form, House; Speedball, Form, House, School; Skiing, "C", "B" and Skeeter Club; Form Captain 1943.

Rosie vigorously upholds the C.C.F.; we fully expect to see her canvassing for Coldwell in the near future. Good luck, Rosie!



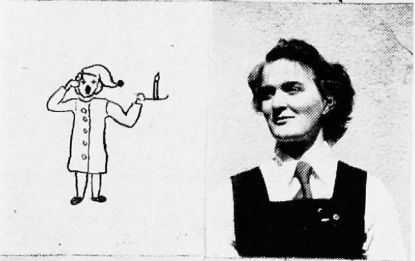
HEATHER MACIVER 1944-1947
Montreal, Que. Montcalm

"Shall I draw?
Or shall I work?"

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; Photography Club; Magazine Committee; Form Volleyball; Form Hockey; Magazine 1945, '46, '47.

In Heather's three years here she has distinguished herself as a good sport and a very good artist. Her plans are unsettled but she might go to an art school next year. Good luck in whatever you do, Heather.

Ambition—To write the great Canadian novel.



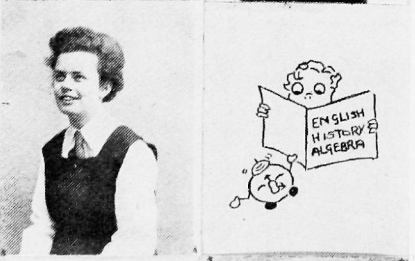
JANET MACLAREN 1945-1947
Buckingham, Que. Montcalm

"She's never really anywhere, but somewhere else instead."

Glee Club; Choir; Dramatics; Form Volleyball.

Janet came in VI-A, and since then we have frequently seen her running down the hall — after the second bell. But once inside Janet and her questions make the answers of the class look like "The Comedy of Errors".

Ambition—McGill Arts.

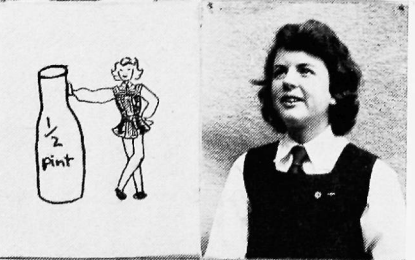


KATHERINE PATERSON 1945-1947
Montreal, Que. Rideau

"There is no Royal Road to Algebra"

Dramatics; Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Soccer, School, House, Form; Volleyball, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Sports Captain 1945; Magazine Editor 1947.

We shall remember Kate's expert goaling on the soccer field and her position of Editor on the School Magazine Committee, which she has so ably filled. Ambition—To beat the world's record drinking French Canadian pea soup.



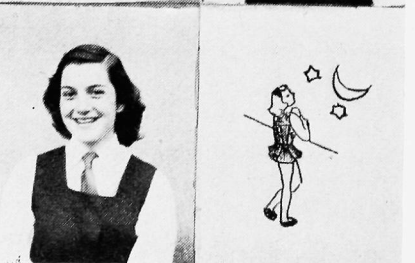
JENNIFER PORTEOUS 1945-1947
Montreal, Que. Montcalm

"Why take life seriously, you never get out of it alive."

Glee Club; Dramatics; Photography Club; Soccer, Form; Speedball, Form; Ski "C" Test.

Although one of the "petite" members of the form, her practical (?) joking is heard and enjoyed by all. It helps our morale. We will miss you, Jen, but Good Luck and have fun next year.

Ambition—Cancer research.



JOCELYN RUTHERFORD 1945-1947
Montreal, Que. Rideau

"She's as pleasant as the morning and refreshing as the rain."

Isn't it a pity that she's such a scatterbrain!"

Glee Club; Dramatics; Soccer, House, Form; Volleyball, House; Ski Test "C".

Although Bab may dream through classes, she certainly wakes up in time to go to the ski hill or the tennis court. She plans to go in for Commercial Art after an Arts course at McGill.



SUSAN SEXTON 1944-1947
Morristown, N.J. MacDonald

"Gay and bright and happy ever,
Sad and dull and grouchy never"

School, House and Form Soccer; House and Form Volleyball; House and Form Speedball; House and Form Hockey; Skiing "C" Test.

Sue came to us from the U.S. bringing with her a giggle that we'll never forget.

Her cartoons have certainly helped to illustrate the funny side of school life and we always know the holidays are coming when Sue starts drawing her "Washingtonian".

Have fun decorating Morristown, Susie!

SHEILA STEWART 1940-1947
Havana, Cuba. Montcalm

"Ain't I volatile?"

Magazine Committee; Soccer, House, Form; Volleyball, House, Form; Speedball, House, Form; Baseball, Form; Hockey, House, Form; Finals Tennis doubles '44; Ski Test "C".

What a change from the fiery half-pint who blew in here seven years ago! Perhaps the mail basket will weigh less next year. We'll never forget those antics and that Red Hair.

Ambition—Foreign Office of a Company in South America.

NANCY TODD 1945-1947
Montreal, Que. MacDonald

"I love work, it fascinates me,
I can sit and look at it for hours."

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics; School, House and Form Basketball; House and Form Soccer; House and Form Volleyball; House and Form Speedball; House and Form Baseball; Skiing "C and B" Tests; Badminton, semi-final doubles.

Nancy came to us last year from The Study. She learnt to type and we've been keeping her busy doing programs for our entertainments ever since. She's been a great asset in the field of sports. Study hard at Jennings next year, Todd!

Ambition—Lab. Technician.

JUNE WALKER 1945-1947
Montreal, Que. Montcalm

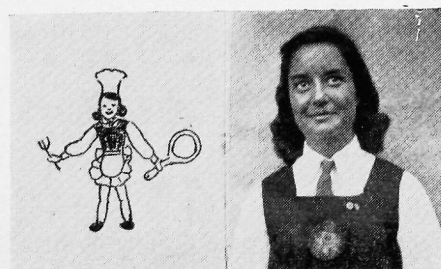
"Here's to you, and here's to me,
But if perchance we disagree,
To heck with you, and here's to me."

Dramatics; Riding.

June has been at K.H.C. for two years. Last year she came alone, but this year Mickey accompanied her. No, Mickey is not her boy friend, he is her horse! We know that contagious giggle will bring her good luck at McGill next year.

Her ambition is fashion designing or modelling.

Household Science



PATSY JOHNSON 1944-1947
Thetford Mines, Que. MacDonald

"From a wealth of living I have proved,
I must be quiet, if I would be loved."

Choir; Glee Club; Dramatics.

Patsy took a trip to Florida this Easter, and came back with a terrific tan which we all envy. Your cooking will make someone very happy, Pat. Best of luck at MacDonald next year!



School Calendar

Sept. 25	School Reopened	Feb. 1	Skating Party.
Sept. 29	Talk on Schools of India.	Feb. 8	Domestic Science Dinner.
Oct. 12	Half Holiday	Feb. 15	Half Holiday.
Oct. 30	Soccer at Stanstead	Feb. 15	Choir Party.
Oct. 31	Hallowe'en Supper	Feb. 22	Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Neville and Mr. Davidson.
Nov. 2	Matric Entertainment	Feb. 24	Half Holiday.
Nov. 7	Return Soccer at K. H. C.	March 2	Mrs. Green.
Nov. 8	Mr. Dunlop's Recorded Recital.	March 11	Community Concert.
Nov. 9-11	Thanksgiving Weekend.	March 21	Henry V.
Nov. 11	Tea Dance	March 28	
Nov. 12	Mrs. Graham's Movies on the Rockies.	and 29	U. B. C. Biology Exhibit.
Nov. 17	Soccer Game, B.C.S. vs K.H.C.	April 1	School Closed
Nov. 21	English Duo.	April 17	School Reopened.
Nov. 29	School Dance.	May 2 -3	"Gondoliers" by Glee Club.
Dec. 7	Sleigh Ride.	May 8	Movie of Canadian Scenery and Wild Life—Mr. Wm. Lang.
Dec. 15	Christmas Entertainment.	May 11	Evening of Canadian Poetry Mrs. McKellar.
Dec. 17	School Closed.	May 18	Confirmation Service.
Jan. 8	School Reopened	May 24	Holiday.
Jan. 12	Miss Hoffmann	May 30	Talk—Miss Charlotte Whittan.
Jan. 18	VI-A Entertainment.	June 10	Closing.
Jan. 28	Community Concert		
Jan. 29	Henry IV at B. C. S.		

A FRAGMENT OF THE ORIENT

Hidden amid sprawling tenement buildings stands a tiny, whitewashed shop with steamed windows. As you shut the door behind you, the last strains of oriental bells fade away and you find yourself in the domain of Jimmy Ming Foo. Despite its surroundings you are immediately conscious of the order and brightness of the little room. At the sound of the bell, a small, wiry man in the corner puts down his iron and walks slowly to meet you.

Some time passes before you learn that the little man is Jimmy Ming Foo, owner of the shop. As Jimmy's English is very poor, you reach an understanding only after a series of gestures and a long discussion. Looking into his face, you see deeply cut lines in his forehead and a drawn expression around the mouth, the result of hard work and worry. Two dark little slits twinkle brightly all the while. Then his mouth softens into a broad grin, displaying a flash of gold teeth. Coarse grey hair is pulled tightly away from his face under the embroidered skull cap he wears. His slight body is covered with a faded blue smock coat and knee-length cotton trousers. On his feet are a pair of worn grass slippers.

After the introduction, Jimmy proceeds to show you around his shop. Out of a battered trunk come pictures of his numerous relations and old curios and treasures from China. All the while Jimmy watches your reaction intently. If he does not think you fully appreciate an object, he will elaborate over its various merits. If he detects the slightest trace of insincerity in anyone, he loses interest immediately, so your enthusiasm must be honest.

There is a short pause while Jimmy calls his children from the back room. They march out in stately procession and line up in front of you. Jimmy introduces them separately, with a note of fatherly pride in each introduction. Soon a steaming pot of rose tea is brought in and its delicate fragrance fills the room. You look at the children sitting around you and notice their tidy appearance and perfect manners. Then you sit back and relax while Jimmy entertains you, in his best pidgen English style, with old Chinese legends and proverbs. You realize his quick

brain and keen sense of humour. The atmosphere is quiet and restful.

It is growing dark and you regretfully announce that you must leave. Jimmy bids you good-bye in a ceremonious manner. He is genuinely sorry at your departure. When you leave the warm, fragrant room and walk out into the growing dusk you feel puzzled, but curiously rested. It is as though you had suddenly left a strange, peaceful world.

ANNE JONKLAAS, VI-A.

A WAKEFUL HOUR

I was lying in my bed, unable to sleep. It must have been midnight by the time I heard the first rain-drop on the roof. I began to hear the rain coming down fast, pelting down above me. As I lay and listened it changed to the thud of hard bare feet on mud! I imagined that I heard a call. Then the rhythm was broken by a series of calls. The calling turned to a chanting. I listened more carefully. I could just hear the words above the beating; "One more soul, one more soul". I stared at the ceiling, and I began to see the dim light of a fire. I made out the little chanting figures and could see their tiny feet pounding. Their bright eyes glistened as they turned and swung about. Then I made out tiny horns upon their heads and long pointed tails. I watched them, fascinated by their reality. I could not see anything beyond their fire and could not hear anything but the beat of their feet and their chanting. At first, it was only a tiny light behind the fire, but it grew and grew until it shone brightly on the whole scene. The little men stopped dancing to look at it. By its brilliance, it showed hundreds of men tied to a stake. Out of the brightness stepped a beautiful woman, tiny and perfectly formed. She approached the stake and untied the men who stood there. She spread her huge white wings and, as she did so, the men were drawn up with her. Her bright light faded until all I heard was the beating of her wings. There was a gust of air as her light went out altogether. The little men stopped beating their feet on the ground and stopped chanting. The little fire went out with that gust of wind.

The clock struck one and the rain stopped. A gentle breeze came through the window.

ANDREA RUSSELL, VI-B.



Winning Entry in the Competition for Posture Posters
JOANNE HEWSON, Matric.

A LUCKY HORSE-RACE

I had bet on a winner at a horse-race that day so I knew something was going to happen —

We had stopped en route on a trip out west, and were staying in Calgary for a few days in order to see the annual Stampede. We knew what time the train was leaving on its way through the Rocky Mountains, yet somehow we stayed to see an extra race. Then we realized we had only eight minutes to reach the train. In the taxi, speeding toward the station, we heard the train's whistle, and knew we were too late. Great was our disappointment when we found that there would not be another train until that night, and we would miss the thrill of going through the Spiral Tunnel in daylight. We were ready in plenty of time and rather excited that evening; this excitement mounted as the train pulled out of the station, and went roaring off into the night. As all was dark outside, we climbed into our berths and went to sleep.

The next thing we knew was that our train had stopped, but as all was quiet and dark outside, we knew we had not yet reached our destination. We did not have time to wonder long though, because soon we heard shouts, and noticed men running about outside, waving red and white lights. Next a porter rushed through our car, calling:—"Please get dressed as quickly as possible, and come out and help," but he was in such a hurry that he had no chance to tell us what had happened.

We put on our clothes, and got off the train. Outside we joined a group of other passengers, and I asked—"What happened?" A tall man replied:—"We have just reached the Spiral Tunnel, and there is a train wrecked inside." When I heard this I instinctively looked at my father, and I knew he was thinking the same thing I was—that the wrecked train was the one we had so narrowly missed!

There was no time to mention this to the others because by now people were beginning to pour out of the tunnel, some carrying wounded friends, and others carrying some that would never know what had happened. We went inside the tunnel to see if we could help, and here we saw the wrecked train. Apparently

someone had de-railed the track, and the engine had gone off it, and the rest of the cars had piled up on top of the engine. While we were looking at this scene, the unharmed people were frantically searching for lost relatives and friends. Finally the tunnel was emptied of its occupants, and everybody got on board our train. We could not go to bed for the rest of that night because the wounded were put in our berths, and we had to help comfort the others. Our train, meanwhile, had to back up eleven miles to the next station, where we were put on a different track, and continued on to the next large city by a different route. Here the wounded were taken to hospitals, and everything else was attended to and settled.

When we had time to talk about what had happened we decided that it had been a very lucky thing for us that we had stayed to see that last horse-race.

DAPHNE PANGMAN VI-A.

—o—

THE FISHERMAN

He sat there, a figure of old age, his tired, rough hands carefully untangling the mass of nets which lay before him and his old gray head bent thoughtfully over his endless task. He wore a patched pair of blue jeans, faded by the long years of salt spray. By his side lay a huge cod, its mouth open and its eyes staring dreamily into space. Behind the fisherman were the dock where thousands of tiny sailboats buzzed in and out of the numerous bays like darting beetles. A steamer came into view, its huge black body climbing up over the misty horizon.

The fisherman shifted his weight and settled himself in a more comfortable position. He sat on a wooden crate, which had once held shining layers of salted fish. A bell rang and the old man carefully rose. Lifting his soft gray eyes and his tired weather beaten face, he looked at the water-sprayed docks surrounding him. All was well. He left the tangled nets in a heap and slowly plodded down the docks, his clumsy feet dragging in the loose sand. He came to the street, turned the corner, and was gone.

WILLA OGILVIE, V-A.

THE IMPERTURBABLE MRS. SMITHERS

We have lived next door to her for seven years, and I have never known anyone quite like Mrs. Smithers. I particularly remember the day she asked me to come over to watch Maggie's baby. It was extremely hot, Maggie was away, and Mrs. Smithers explained that she wanted to hop down the road to have a chat with Mrs. Grumbles. As I opened the gate, her large frame rose slowly out of the chair on the porch. She greeted me with an absent-minded smile.

"Oh yes. Well, there's Jimmy over on the lawn, he won't be much trouble. By the way, dearie, do you knit? You might try to do some of this, if you like, while I'm gone."

She handed me a complicated piece of pink knitting, with little stitches gathered up here and there on safety pins. I nodded meekly. She put on her hat and waddled out into the street. I sat down on the rocking chair, and regarded the knitting. Two purl, two plain . . . my thoughts wandered to Mrs. Smithers. She was very nice actually, but rather hopelessly stupid, I thought. It was certainly hot . . . There was the time, years ago, when she accidentally gave Maggie an overdose of sleeping pills, when she should not have had them anyway. I glanced over to where Jimmy was sitting in the sun. The knitting dropped to the floor . . . Jimmy crawled over and picked it up. I sleepily watched him as he examined it, and the next thing I knew, I was fast asleep.

I awoke about half an hour later. The knitting was looking even more hopeless now. Several of the safety pins were missing, so I rose and picked them up off the porch. One was still missing . . . I glanced at Jimmy. He must have swallowed it!

I tore indoors and telephoned the Grumbles. I soon heard Mrs. Smithers's voice.

"I think Jimmy has swallowed a pin!" I screamed.

A silence followed

"From the knitting?"

"Yes," I said breathlessly.

"Well, dearie, what a nuisance. However, don't you worry, I'll fix up the knitting the minute I get back."

ALISON MOREIRA, VI-A.

—o—

CONEY ISLAND

To the noise of the dashing waves was added the noise of people — all kinds of people, shouting, laughing, screaming, crying, men and women, boys and girls; the noise of the beach vendors, each trying his best to sell ice cream, hot dogs, pop corn or soda. Here and there were heard, "Hot dorgs, fresh hot dorgs, buy 'em while they're hot! Only 10 cents, hot dorgs, get 'em here, hot dorgs! Hot dorgs!"

"Ice cream cones, fresh ice cream cones, all flavors, v'nilla, choc'clate, strawberry, butter pecan 'n banana! Just 5 cents a cone, get a nice treat for the kiddies, ice cream, ice cream, get your ice cream here!"

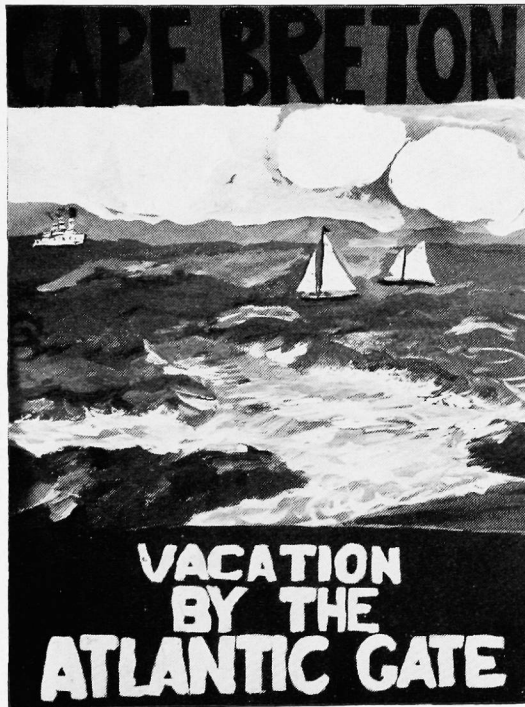
Everywhere the children were begging their mothers to get them an ice cream cone or a hot dog. It was hard to resist the steaming frankfurter, on a long soft roll, and the big crisp cones; all looked so appealing and delicious, especially if one were hungry.

If you stood on the board-walk and looked over the beach, it would be hard to see everything in a glance for so much was going on.

The water was so crowded that you could hardly swim; every two or three feet you would bump into somebody. There were little boys and girls trying to jump the waves, and fond fathers carrying their little ones on their shoulders, as they screamed with terror or delight. Just where the waves stopped on the beach were scores of boys and girls, tiny toddlers making castles in the sand, or bringing water in their pails and emptying it into a hole, which they dug with their spades. Older boys were building forts and having battles, or making a stream and damming it up with sand.

Such was the scene I saw one day, noisy and bustling, crowded and hot, yet wonderful!

CLAIRE OAKS, V-A.



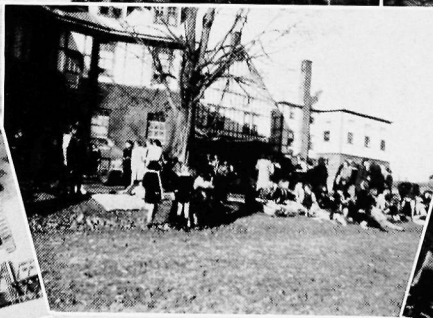
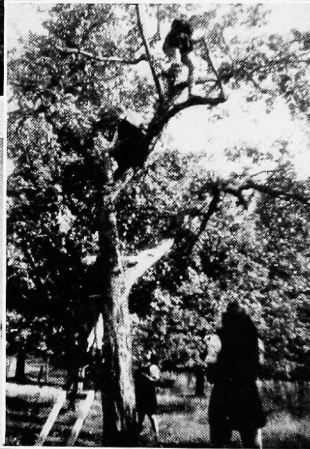
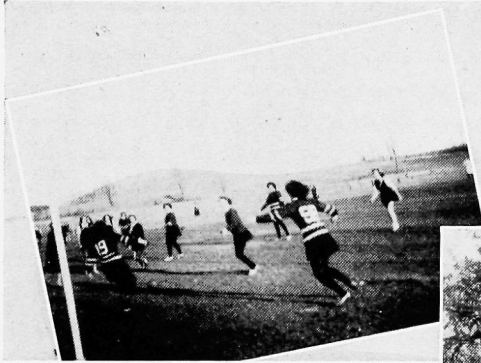
Upper left corner:
Still Life—J. Hewson, Matric.

Upper right corner:
Memory Drawing of Sherbrooke—
R. Paterson, IV-A.

Middle left:
Travel Poster—M. A. Mackintosh, V-A.

Middle right:
Travel Poster—C. Scott, VI-B.

Bottom:
Hallowe'en Scene—J. Donald, V-B.





THE GINGHAM DOG AND THE CALICO CAT

It was late at night, and the moonlight shone through the window, bathing the floor in a cold, bright light. The rest of the room was dark and silent except for the faint, regular breathing of the twins, Jane and Barbara, who, each tucked in her own crib, each lying on her back, and each with a round pink thumb in her mouth, were fast asleep. Toys lay everywhere, on the floor, the bureaus and the chairs, even on the mantle-piece, on which sat a brightly checked blue-and-white gingham dog, and facing him, a calico cat, dotted in pink and white. A gust of wind blew a curtain in the room, and at the sudden sound of the flapping, the calico cat raised her head, blinked her eyes, and yawned daintily. At this moment the gingham dog roused himself, and after stretching himself slowly and lazily, looked across the chimney shelf at the cat.

"Hard day, cat?" he asked kindly.

"I should say so", the cat exclaimed in an indignant voice. "Never a moment's rest around here from morn till night. Those children maul me as I have no right to be treated. No self-respecting animal should stand for such a thing! That is," she added maliciously, "if he doesn't want to shame his family and be branded among all toys as a coward." At this she glanced at the dog out of the corner of her eye.

"I don't see why," the dog sounded puzzled. "I, myself, rather enjoy it. If it gives them pleasure, I don't deny them their fun. Anyway", he added sadly, "I have no family. They were all

chewed to bits in the line of duty. After my mother's head was ripped off, they decided it was the end for her, and she was buried in a garbage can. My father followed soon afterwards; after his stuffing fell out, he could do no more good for mankind."

"Anyway, I think you're being very stupid—and rather selfish", he added, feeling bold.

The cat glanced at him and nodded to herself smugly. There followed a moment's silence, then the cat spoke.

"Well," she said angrily, "I guess you'd be feeling peeved, if you were in this condition". She shook her head and one of her ears, half torn off, flapped. "Just look at this! Well," she went on, impatiently, "What do you think of it?"

"Nurse can fix it in the morning," said the dog, slowly, "and you'll be none the worse for wear."

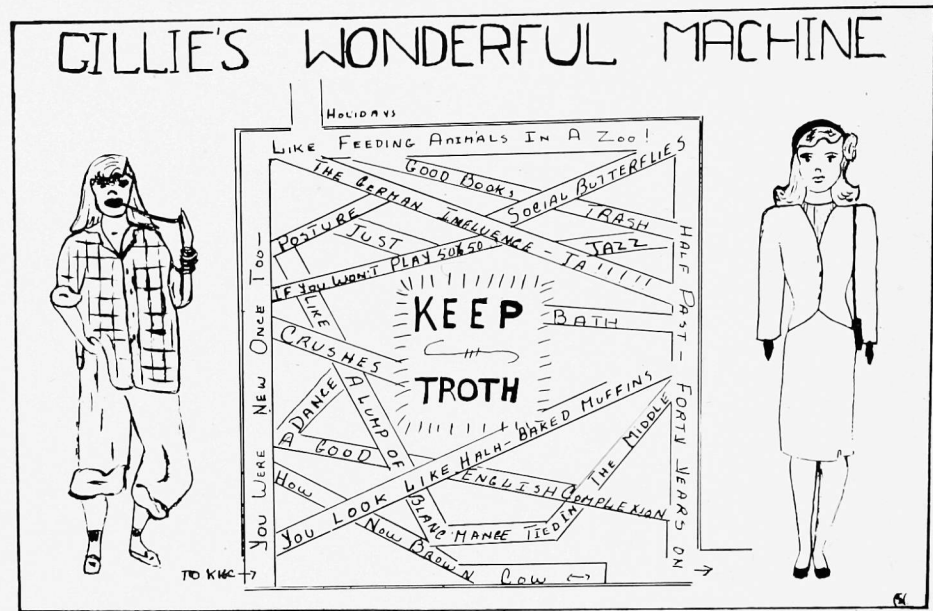
"Fix it!" jeered the cat. "None the worse for wear! And none the better, either! Why, I'll be left with a scar for life! I'm ruined!" she exclaimed, dramatically, "Why that handsome toy clown will never look at me again!"

"Him? you don't need him, cat! you've got me," said the gingham dog shyly, moving protectingly towards her.

"Bah!" was all the cat said. The clock downstairs struck twelve, and she turned her back on him, and sat staring morosely into darkness, thinking about the handsome toy clown. At the other end of the mantle, the dog sat, his mind with his beloved calico cat. Presently a tear splashed on the mantle beside him . . .

CYNTHIA SCOTT, VI-B





LUCKY, LUCKY EDWARD

Edward, the fly, was basking in the sunlight on the wall of the King's Hall dining room just below the "fishing village" painting. His features were lit up by an amused grin and he rubbed his front legs together with glee as he heard a clear voice ring out, "VI A's in tea!" Through the door came a troupe of girls, one behind the other and moderately silent. Extraordinarily co-operative, the girls lined up waiting patiently for their turn at the table. Here they would receive *one* piece of cake and *one* cup of cocoa. Edward crawled onto the frame of the painting where he could have a better start, and flew carelessly and slowly towards the tray piled with cake. Lighting on a lovely chocolate piece, Edward once more rubbed his legs together and started on the icing. As he ate he reflected on how lucky he was; he thought back to his first afternoon in this room only two months ago. He

had heard the same clear voice calling "VI A's in tea!" but the consequences had been very different. The words were hardly out when there was a mad rush and scramble, accompanied by yelling and shouting. Edward, terrified out of his senses, had thrown his front legs over his delicate ears, trying in vain to shut out this terrible racket. Through the door rushed a herd of girls pushing and shoving until they reached the kitchen door. Through this door came a terrified maid, bearing in her trembling fingers a tray of delicious chocolate cake. Edward flew forward in eagerness and expectation. He circled the sea of hands and arms with rising glee. Finally the sea dropped and the tray was put on the table, but alas! alack! there, before Edward, was a sorry sight; the tray lay bare, stripped of everything save a torn paper napkin.

ELIZABETH BRADSHAW, VI-A.



The school sports this year have not been as outstanding as in other years because of the weather and contagious diseases during the winter term. But house and form games were very well matched and provided many afternoons of excitement. The soccer games with Stanstead were the highlight of our sports year. We were very grateful to the girls on both the senior and junior teams for bringing us through to shining victory.

The skiing season was not very long, but while it lasted many tests were passed and ski instructors from Hillcrest Ski School were guests at the school and gave lessons to all the

girls. Fifteen of the most outstanding skiers were taken over to the Ski School for an afternoon of real skiing entertainment.

The tennis season started late this year and there is still hope of it being a successful season.

A great deal of praise is due to Miss Geiger and Miss Keyser who have spent many hours training teams and supervising gym and swimming.

We wish to thank the entire School for their enthusiasm and co-operation throughout the year.

BARBARA BLAKE

School Soccer



JUNIOR TEAM

Kneeling: JOAN FOSTER, L. GILL, D. KINGSMILL, G. GREENING, M. HOPE, M. L. FRANKLIN, P. WANKLYN.

Standing: B. CHAMBERS, A. PITT, M. STRATHY, S. BOOTHE, J. HEWSON, M. MACKEEN, A. MOREIRA.



SENIOR TEAM

Kneeling: J. PRICE, M. HOBART, C. GILES, K. PATERSON, P. BEATTIE, A. ROBINSON.

Standing: B. BLAKE, M. RIDER, M. BUNBURY, B. ROBB, J. HARTMAN, S. SEXTON, N. STRATFORD.



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House Basketball



MONTCALM

Seated: A. PITT, M. FRANKLIN, M. HOPE, J. AITKEN.

Standing: B. BLAKE, A. MOREIRA, B. ROBB, J. REDDY.



RIDEAU

Seated: A. ROBINSON, S. BOOTHE, M. HOBART, J. PRICE, M. FORSTER.

Standing: M. RIDER, M. BUNBURY, N. STRATFORD.



MACDONALD

Seated: J. WILLIAMS, C. GILES, P. BEATTIE, J. HEWSON.

Standing: B. CHAMBERS, M. MACKEEN, N. TODD, J. HARTMAN.

LIL' EIGHT BALL'S WATERMELON SEEDS

The sun was rising above the horizon as Lil' Eight Ball walked along the dusty road by all the little shanties.

"Lil' Eight Ball, what yo' holdin' in yo' hand?"

"This, it's a watamelon seed, I's a goin' to plant it way down yonder by the corn field."

"Lord-a-mercy! I do declare!"

"Mammy, come see how it be a growin', some fine day."

"I will, honey."

Lil' Eight Ball continued towards the field. He cleared a little place of weeds, plunked his chubby finger in to make a hole, and then put the seed in. He covered the hole over and started back whistling.

He came every day for four weeks to see it, but there was no watermelon, only green shoots, so he went to see Jud.

"Jud, Jud, I planted a watamelon seed, longtime ago and in two days it's Mammy's birthday and I hasn't a melon to give her".

"Well Lil' Eight Ball, I bet yo' haven't been prayin' enough."

"Oh, but Jud, I has."

"Tonight yo' go home and pray mighty hard and come see me tomorrow if yo' watamelon hasn't grown. Now run along, and don't forget to pray to the Good Lord."

That night Lil' Eight Ball prayed and prayed. While he was praying Jud took from his own patch of watermelons, the largest he could find and placed it in the middle of Eight Ball's watermelon vine. In the morning Lil' Eight Ball came to look for his watermelon and there it was. Running back he called Jud.

"Jud! Jud! The good Lord has done givin' me a watamelon!"

"Did yo' pray reel hard?"

"I sho did, Jud."

The next day was Mammy's birthday and Lil' Eight Ball gave Mammy her watermelon, and asked her if he might have the seeds.

Now if you drive through Shanty Town in North Carolina, you may see Lil' Eight Ball selling his watermelon seeds.

MELON SEEDS 5c

P.S. PRAY AND THEY'LL GROW

HEATHER HASLAM, VI-B.

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ST. CIRG-LA-POPIE

When Father walked in the door, I could tell that he had something special under his arm, for he kept looking at it, as if to be sure it was there. He unwrapped the package while Mother and I stood by him, waiting eagerly. He unrolled something and we saw that it was a fifteenth century, hand painted map of the Lot department of France.

He pointed out Cahors, St. Gerys, Capdenac, Figac and finally St. Cirg-La-Popie, illustrated by a small castle. All three of us felt a wave of homesickness come over us as we thought of St. Cirg, our home which we had left in 1939.

I could picture myself walking up the two kilometers from the station, and being so glad to see that little thirteenth century village clinging to the side of the cliff. Now before me was the stone arch and part of a wall that marked its entrance. The cobblestone street seemed to mount straight into the air, and on each side were Gothic houses built even before Columbus discovered America.

I saw several of my friends drawing water from one of the two communal fountains. Then as I advanced, I came to our house, a high-roofed stone building, with carved rosette windows. In front was a flower garden with box, roses, and touch-me-nots. On a terrace above was a magnificent fig tree, heavy with fruit waiting to be picked.

I opened the heavy oak door, came into the kitchen and walked across the flagstones to the fireplace, which extended all the length of the room. There was a blazing fire in it and a kettle of peasant soup hung from a crane. A chicken on a spit was turning a golden brown. I sat for a moment on the carved bench inside the fireplace and looked at the bright copper pans around the room, and the sturdy table, and the chairs, whittled by a shepherd while he watched his sheep.

I walked up the street and entered the cathedral. Its massive doors were open and the sun was shining through the stained glass windows. I was careful not to step on certain stones which had names carved on them and people buried underneath. It was so simple, yet so noble and commanding that I had to pause a little.

Then I took a winding path and came to the foundations of the medieval castle. Part of the tower stood, showing that it had not been conquered when the English burned the rest of it during the Hundred Years' War.

I looked across the cause, a plateau, and I could almost see the wild boars wandering through the woods. Then I looked straight down the side of the cliff to the river Lot, flowing peacefully eight hundred feet below.

I wandered into the room where Henry IV had slept one night, and I remembered the story of how all the women of the village had brought their best feather mattresses in order that each could boast that the great king of France had slept on her mattress. So many were brought that they almost reached the ceiling.

That was several centuries ago, but it seems closer to me than the St. Cirg of today, still split by collaborationists, patriots, and black-marketeers. During the war it saw battles in the valley beneath it and the Macquis had their strongholds in the caves of the cliffs, as men had in other wars. Even though at one report only four broken chairs and one dozen gold after-dinner coffee spoons remain in our house, we shall always remember our home and St. Cirg as it was, a little village marked by a castle on an ancient map.

MARTHA DAURA, Matric

—o—

UNE JOURNÉE PASSÉE A LA
CAMPAGNE

(Pour comprendre ce qui suit, lisez d'abord. Le chart III, Stance II-XV de "Childe Harold" de Byron?)

C'est au soir du dix-neuf avril, 1824, que Lord Byron se présenta à la porte du Ciel, en face de St. Pierre. Celui-ci, voyant qui voulait entrer dans le Ciel branla la tête et dit, "C'est triste, Lord Byron, mais vous vous êtes bien amusé sur la terre maintenant je dois vous envoyer en Enfer. Cependant, il y a un certain Thémistodes qui veut que vous jouissiez d'une journée de liberté, en récompense de ce que vous avez fait pour sa patrie, la Grèce. Exprimez un désir et celui-ci se réalisera."

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When a manufacturer places his name on the merchandise he makes, his reputation as an honest craftsman can be judged by an impartial but critical public. If what that manufacturer offers for sale is found lacking in quality and value, customers will not buy a second or third time. That is why the brand names on merchandise assure quality and satisfaction to the public.

In recent years, both the public and industry has recognized the need for adding to brand names with factual information about the merchandise. Together they guide the consumer to quality merchandise and help her to get full value and wear from her purchases. With many new products coming out on the market, this informative labelling becomes more important every day—especially in textiles.

Though Courtaulds makes only rayon yarns and no fabrics or finished articles, we have long recognized the value of "informative labelling". We want the

public to be satisfied with merchandise containing Courtaulds rayon yarns and fibres. So we established the "Quality-Control" Plan for pre-testing the wearing qualities of textiles containing our yarn.

These tests determine whether a dress can be dry-cleaned or washed without shrinking, whether it will fade in bright sunlight or split at the seams. There are similar tests for other merchandise such as sportswear, drapes, slipcovers, lingerie, etc., each designed to assure complete satisfaction to the buyer.

Merchandise which has passed the required tests, is identified by a "Quality-Control" tag. The words "hand washable" or "dry cleanable" also inform the buyer as to the proper cleaning method. Manufacturers of these finished articles gladly cooperate with us in seeing that the fabrics in their merchandise pass the "Quality-Control" tests because they know that consumers always seek branded merchandise of proven quality.

Courtaulds (CANADA) Limited

PRODUCERS OF RAYON YARN ONLY

Byron le regarda pensivement. "Oh," dit-il, "J'aimerais bien passer une journée à la campagne."

Byron ouvrit les yeux. Il se trouvait au bord de la mer en Grèce. "Ah! oui," dit-il tristement en regardant les flots. "Combien de fois n'ai-je pas navigué sur cet océan comme une algue arrachée à un rocher. Comme je voudrais que cette dernière puisse se changer en belle fleur!" Il soupira et se leva. Il voudrait faire l'ascension de la montagne derrière lui. Comme il en gravissait la pente il aperçut une petite rose, et, se penchant pour la cueillir, il murmura, "Qui peut contempler une rose sans éprouver le désir de la porter? Qui peut voir une femme sans l'aimer? Ah! les femmes. Elles ont été ma perte."

Il arriva au sommet, et, regardant autour de lui, il déclara, "Là, où s'élèvent les montagnes, sont mes amis. Là, où roule l'océan, est ma demeure." A cet instant un petit chérubin apparut devant lui et lui présenta un verre de vin. Byron l'avalait, puis, tout en lui rendant le verre, s'écria, "Mon Dieu! Encore de l'absinthe!"

Il s'assit pour se remettre un peu, et, levant les yeux il vit les étoiles au dessus de lui. Il les contemplait quand une voix lui dit à l'oreille, "Votre journée est finie." "Non, non," supplia Byron. "Pourquoi ma dépouille mortelle m'entraînerait-elle loin des étoiles?"

En un clin d'oeil tout changea d'aspect. Byron se trouva entouré de toutes les femmes qu'il avait connues de son vivant. Toutes le regardaient fixement et avec colère.

"C'est vraiment ça l'Enfer," gémit le pauvre Byron. "Mais au moins j'ai passé, une belle journée à la campagne!"

KATHERINE PATERSON, Matric

—o—

UN VOYAGE A LA LUNE

Un soir, alors que je me couchais, je vis que la pleine lune baignait mon lit de ses rayons. Après l'avoir regardée pendant quelques minutes, je m'endormis. D'abord, je rêvai que des anges

chantaient des hymnes, et que des fées jouaient dans un beau jardin rempli de jolies petites fleurs aux couleurs éclatantes. Mais ce rêve agréable fut interrompu par des diables verts qui jetaient du riz cuit partout. Je n'aime pas beaucoup le riz cuit oh! mais pas du tout, du tout. Pour fuir ces méchants lutins, je me mis à courir le long d'un sentier jaune, qui semblait aller jusqu'à la lune. De chaque côté de cette allée, il y avait des monstres noirs, qui tâchaient de me faire trébucher, et des démons qui s'écriaient que j'étais démente et que les rayons de lune me rendaient encore plus folle. Malgré tout cela, je continuai à courir, espérant toujours que je pourrais attirer à la belle lune pour apprendre enfin en quoi elle était, elle qui paraissait aussi blanche que les nuages en été. Pour cette raison, je m'efforçais de ne pas écouter les mauvais esprits qui me suivaient. Enfin quand il me sembla que j'allais mourir de fatigue, tant j'avais couru, je m'aperçus que mon sentier jaune n'existait plus, et qu'il commençait à faire noir partout. Je craignis d'être arrivée à l'enfer au lieu de la lune, mais bientôt je vis une enseigne qui disait: Soyez la bienvenue dans la lune!" et cela me réjouit beaucoup. Je voulus sauter en l'air de joie, mais je ne le pus pas, parce que mes pieds étaient collés à la terre. Je la regardai donc cette belle lune, elle était toute blanche, mais elle n'était ni en neige, ni en paillettes de savon — non, mon amie était en riz cuit!! Hélas! la lune n'était qu'une boule de riz cuit! A ce moment-là, je me trouvai entourée par tous les démons et tous les monstres qui m'avaient suivie. Ils se mirent à me jeter du riz cuit. Bientôt, j'en fus recouverte; c'est alors que l'idée me vint qu'il me fallait mourir dans un cercueil fait de la chose que j'abhorre le plus au monde. La dernière pensée qui me vint à l'esprit était la grande déception que j'avais éprouvée en me rendant compte en quoi était la lune. Cette pensée me troubla à un tel point que je me réveillai avant d'être étouffée par le riz cuit.

ROSEMARY KELLEY, Matric



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The Matric Prophecy

Bubble! bubble! There's a theory that you can be born again, and it just happens that the matrices of 1947, were reincarnated. You ask me how I know? Well, you see — I live down here and although our water world is large, I know 'most everyone.

As I sit here upon my rock overlooking the flat sand, I see many things of all shapes and sizes — the sea-weed, funny little shells and the deserted wreck of a boat. But wait! Isn't that Nurse Bunbury over there with a train of sick male fishes following her? Come on, let's see where she's going.

Who's Bunny bending over? Why, if it isn't Martha. You'd think she'd know better than to be crushed by a rock after all the time she spent studying about them. Don't tell me the reporter of the "Daily Sea Aqua" missed this. Oh no! here comes Janet, camera and all. Behind her — What! not Hobart with those horn-rimmed glasses! Too late snob, this one won't need a psychiatrist, she's already ten fathoms under.

Well before I start to weep salty tears and make the sea worse. I think I'd better move on. Ahoy! There's Clarice — and look at the suit with those new fishtails. Ah, what a dress designer can't do! She even has a secretary, unlike any other seen before. It's Jill Johnson, of course, the only fish in the sea with pigtails, and behind her, in a mass of bubbles, is Heather, drawing Clarice's new suit for display in Stella Company window on Octopus Avenue.

It can't be true, I must need glasses — Jill Foster just went by, and mind you, I thought it was her shadow — I'll tell you why. She wanted to cook and I guess she had to eat it herself. What's that I hear? Why it's Miss Dawson at the piano and she's not a concert pianist as she had hoped, but a boogie-woogie fiend instead.

Passing into our "Neptune Theatre" I think I hear a familiar voice playing in the "Jelly Fishes Tragedy." Yes its Enid Mary, playing

the leading role—very well at that. But she's not talking in fish talk. It's something I've never heard before, and there's Shippy as interpreter of language down in the front row, hard at work — my she looks puzzled!

Passing out into the fresh water again, I practically fell over one blonde sunfish, Susie, with the most worried expression on her face — Why that look, Sue? Can't you make out what you drew — usually those caricatures were so typical.

Looking the other way, I was practically bowled over by the biggest school of water-babies I've ever seen. And who's leading them? It's Robb, not with her family, of course—they're far too many for that. She's a social service worker at a fresh-water camp. Hello, B.B. Isn't that Biology book worn out? She'd always hoped to discover something amazing—pretty soon she'll discover she ought to get one of those modern text books instead of a 1947 edition.

Goodness Gracious! June Walker has just gone whizzing around the oysters' race track on her sea-horse, Mickey XV.

There's Linda, an eager spectator. It's very lucky she could take time out of her travel schedule to see this. And who's beside her? Why it's Peggy Beattie—her head going around like a pin ball — trying frantically to make notes on June's exciting ride. And there's Aud supposedly taking shorthand. Maybe it's a new kind for which you don't have to use your hands because she's knitting again.

Remember that old boat I mentioned? It wasn't deserted after all for there's Carol Giles. What are you doing hammering nails on the decks? Don't tell me this is your social service work — of all things, Kate, are you still trying to beat the record for eating pea-soup? — that was in the higher world, don't you remember? Out of the way, Katie, I want to look inside.

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Oh my fish fins, Jen, what are you doing on top of that trunk? Not feeding rats for cancer research! Remember in the old world at school you fed them when you had nowhere else to hide the food. Who are those two bent over behind that bunk? Well, how do you do, my two fair lovelies, Joanne and Ro. You're still drawing those children's story book pictures I see. Never mind, kids, perhaps someday you won't have to do it for other people.

Good heavens, what was that explosion? I guess you know who. Todd, of course, trying to be a helpful lab. assistant. Todd, you'd better go out and try to piece that wall together. What's that racket outside? Our one and only red headed diplomat, Sheila, in a heated argument with Rosie about the C.C.F. and you know red-heads! Rosie's beaten before she's begun. I can't, I won't believe it! Jocelyn, in the midst of the argument has fallen asleep with her brush in her hand as she was painting

a sign for the coffee company on how to stay awake during the day. I guess we've seen everyone now, but wait, there's Libby Ann. They say she tried to paint the town red — I guess she went crazy when they told her about her first class matric.

Looking about, there doesn't seem to be anyone else I know, except myself of course, but I never was clever in school. In fact I guess I was dumb. So while all my other friends have marvelous occupations and such interesting pastimes all I can say is "I married the Sea King Neptune" and to be a mermaid takes little or no brains. So that is my life here under the sea.

Well my dear mortals, you must be gasping for breath so I will return you to your homes. Bubble! bubble! Goodbye—goodbye. If you're ever born again please join us here. We'd love to have you . . .

ROSEMARY MACKEEN & SALLY BOOTHE.
MATRIC.



¿Porqué Aprendemos El Espanol?

¿Porqué hacereo? Por supuesto hay el señor Joven quien nos espera (es solamente influencia masculino de las maestras) Somos esclavas para él y todas las gracias que recibimos de él son que somos "fundamentally lazy" — pero de él —

Pues, aprendiendo el espanol tenemos la suerte de faltar la costura de miercoles (¿A quién le importa si nos ropas estan rotas?) Sufrimas también a veces la disgracia de faltar a la preparacion. ¡Ay!

¿Ha probado usted jamas leer las advertencias de Coca Cola? Teniamos nuestras sospechas si algunas de ellas eran verdadaras o no.; Ahora sabemos!

Rosas guitarras . . . luz de la luna . . .
¡Tras toda de espanol debe de ser una lingua de amor! ¿No basta la persuasion?

No somos mas esqueletos humanos. Con la cocinera espanola estaba difieil elegir al primero lugar. Ahora, obtenemos a veces una bocado o dos.

Hasta aqui no podiamos réir dichosamente a estas frases encima de nuestras "cabeces! Todo es claro! Tambien, cuando estamos de mal humor, podemos hablan libramente porqué blasfemia no es blasfemia en el espanol.

Bien — ¿No puede usted ver porqué aprendemos el espanol, después de todo esto?

A. JONKLAAS, JANE MACLAREN, VI-A.

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NIGHT AND DAY IN THE FAIRY FOREST

A worn foot-beaten path wanders through the ancient and endless Fairy Forest.

How wonderful it is just to sit listening to nothing but the rustle of leaves and the chatter of chipmunks. Once in a while, one can hear the pecking of a woodpecker. How hard he must work tapping away at the trees.

Glancing beside me, I see lovely emerald green moss lying on a decayed fallen log. All around is this beautiful velvet carpet. At the end of the log are rotted holes and cavities. A small cobweb hangs from one blade of grass to another. It is just like a fairy hammock of delicate lace. I am sure, even now, one of the little winged creatures is sleeping in it.

Night is creeping on and only an occasional chirp from a chickadee, or a low hoot from old father owl, can be heard. Crickets chirp above the croaking of frogs. But, oh, how still it is!

While I have been sitting entranced on a small moss-covered rock, before I know it, darkness has covered the star-lit sky. Deciding it is too dark to go home, I sprawl on the soft grass under a drowsy birch.

With my head resting on my arm, I can hear my own heart beat. I lie, gazing at a spot near the log, where the bluish light of the moon glimmers through a space in the leaves. I close

my eyes, but I am disturbed and obliged to open them again, for the sound of music fills the air, soft sweet music.

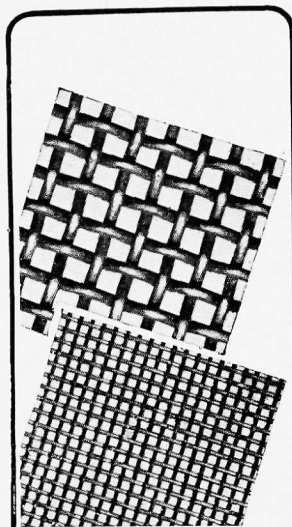
Fairies flutter out of a large hole in the bottom of the log. They are all in procession. The leader who seems to be their queen, is robed in a long, flowing gown of transparent bluish-white. Her crown is a wreath of daisies. Her hair floats behind her, silky and white. Alighting in the moon's spotlight, she begins a graceful dance.....a swerve here, a leap there, then a whirling turn, all as if she were flying. She is so lively and so dainty. With the others joining the dance the whole picture is a delight, the queen in the centre and the others encircling her.

The music ends and they curtsy gracefully. Each then bustles around to procure enough tiny twigs to make a bonfire. When all is ready, the little people stand back in a circle, while the queen lights the fire. How beautiful it is to see the reddish glow reflected on each fairy as they dance in a circle facing the flames! The fire burns even more fiercely and and I shut my eyes against the blinding light.

When I open them again, I find that it is day. All has vanished. There is nothing left in that spot, except.....except, tiny burnt twigs, just where the "dream" took place. But was it a "dream"? Who knows.

JOY HARVEY V-A.





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A PICTURE I SHOULD LIKE TO PAINT

If I were an artist, not just a person who liked to draw or paint, but an artist who paints pictures with a life-like style, I would paint such a picture that even the great Raphael would gasp in his grave.

The scene would be a forest dell, with tall dark trees shutting out the sky above. Peeping around the trees would be elves, with bright jackets and caps, their little impish faces appearing between the branches of the trees, peering around the massive trunks and through the long grass. The whiteness of them against the dark forbidding background would make a striking contrast. A few frightened-looking skunks, squirrels and rabbits might scurry across an open patch of ground. I should call this picture "Night".

I would draw another picture as a companion to this one, but it would be so different in colour, that one would hardly know it was of the same scene. The trees would be an emerald green, with light streaming through the leaves and branches, to form lacy patterns on the brown earth. Little patches of vivid blue would show between the leaves, high, high up. Instead of the frightened little animals hiding behind the trees, they would frolic on the grass, playing leap frog with the elves, and turning somersaults through the air as they tumbled off the branches. Bright flowers would be scattered among the grass, their heads uplifted, trying to catch some of the sunlight through the trees. The whole scene would be bright, celestially radiant and beautiful. I would call this picture "Day".

Here, then, are my pictures, but as I am not an artist, and could never paint such pictures as these, Raphael need not worry about my

exceeding his talent. Therefore, "sleep peacefully, great master, in thy solitude; thy glory shall not be rivalled by anyone in this place we call 'earth', for thousands of years to come."

PIPPA OSLER, VI-B.

—o—

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Christmas eve, and outside a few snowflakes drift through a starry sky. Inside the large church, candles wink as the draught from an open window plays with them. An usher hurries to close the window, and as he regains his place all whispers cease; for into the flickering light has stepped a little boy no more than eight. On his face is a look so angelic that many a person wonders what painting he has stepped from, or whether he is not a cherub come with a special Yuletide message. He stands sideways and all that is seen of his face is a tiny button nose and one large, blue eye. Masses of molasses-colored curls dance over his head, and one slips ever so slightly onto his satiny forehead. An organ plays softly and the little boy sings. His voice is as clear and as sweet as a bird's; but as the words echo through the lofty room, he turns toward the people. The expression on the faces of the congregation at this moment is indeed worth seeing, as to their amazement, they notice that one innocent, blue eye is completely closed and is suspiciously purple. As the carol ends he steps back and grins impishly at the flabbergasted minister, while he displays two vacancies where front teeth normally belong. Flipping his choir gown, he bounces out a side door and leaves many a disillusioned soul pondering an what size horns lie concealed beneath his halo of curls.

JUDY AITKEN, VI-A.

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ART

This year, under the expert guidance of Miss Taylor, the art students have shown a great interest in their work, and many new talents have been developed. The Art Department has contributed to the success of many school entertainments and projects during the year.

The IV-A's and IV-B's have done some very interesting work, including Hallowe'en, Christmas, and Valentine cards. The VI-B's did still life drawing in poster paint and crayons. Indian folk lore was skilfully portrayed in colour.

The V-A's made some very attractive travel posters on Canada and the United States. Together with the V-B's, they modelled in clay and contributed towards our realistic Hallowe'en decorations. During the sugaring season the V-B's drew typical scenes of our Quebec sugaring off.

The VI-B's did travel posters of Mexico and Peru, and also some outstanding studies of the ballet theatre.

The VI-A's and Matrics, who are taking their Art Matric, worked industriously throughout the year doing still life in pencil and water colours. Now that spring is here, we are able to paint fresh flowers.

A special art class is held every Wednesday afternoon for those interested in developing their talent further. The girls did figure sketching and imaginative sketches of street scenes. Experiments with oil paints on paper were carried out, using still life models.

On behalf of the art students, I want to thank Miss Taylor for the long hours she has spent helping us with our art. Credit must be given to her for the splendid work accomplished by the students this year.

JOANNE HEWSON.





W. D. Benson,

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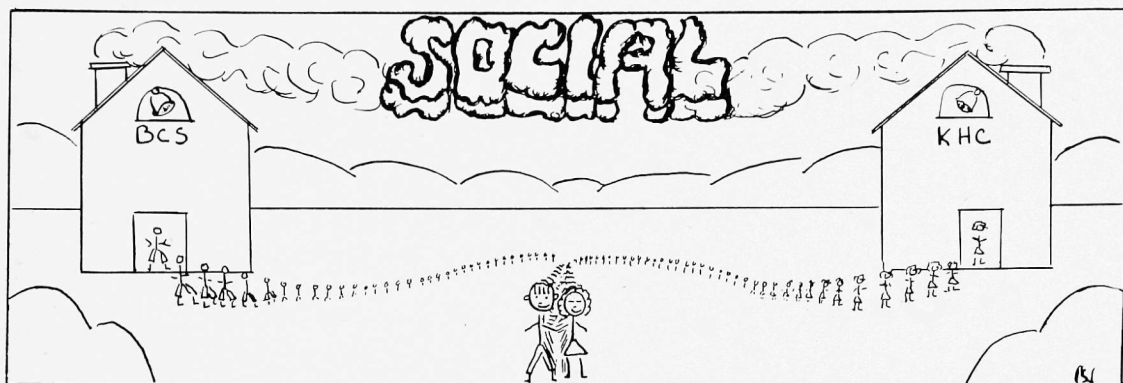
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SOCIAL NOTES

Society life for Compton varied, this year, from dancing to soccer games, and I think that we may safely say that the boys and girls enjoyed themselves in both fields.

One of the main attractions of the Thanksgiving week-end is the B.C.S. tea-dance. On November 11th Compton arrived en masse, at Bishop's and were gallantly ushered into the ballroom. For the greater part of the evening the orchestra gave forth with occasional slow and sweet music and jive enough to delight even Johnny Turpin. A delicious supper was provided which was enjoyed by the exhausted dancers. All too soon, we were beckoned into the awaiting buses and hustled home.

The greatest social event of the year was our annual school dance which was held on November 29th. Thanks to the talents of R. MacKeen, H. MacIver, S. Sexton, J. Hewson and A. Pitt, the gym was gaily decorated with brightly coloured streamers and balloons; while flowers and butterflies festooned the walls. At one end of the gym a moon shone mischievously on all below. There were a variety of novelty dances such as the Sadie Hawkins, the spotlight and the elimination dance. After an appetizing supper the evening ended with the lemon dance, the climax of which came when Miss Gillard ate the lemon!

On February 1st about thirty of us were

again entertained at a skating party given by B.C.S. Unaccustomed as we were to artificial ice, the shrieks of laughter and the stories told the next day showed that everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. After refreshments, served in the library, we went to the Chalet and danced. A good time was had by all and when the time came, everyone was sorry to leave.

The members of the choir spent one of the most pleasant evenings of the year on February 15th, at the rectory, where we played games, sang and had a wonderful supper. If the girls had not been restrained, we would probably have stayed all night. But since all good things must have an end, we thanked the Kelleys heartily and returned to the silent, sleeping school, where our drowsy room-mates listened sleepily to accounts of the party.

Among our more intellectual entertainments was Shakespeare's Henry IV which we were invited to see at Bishop's. We all admired Norman Solomon's excellent portrayal of Prince Hal, Billy Boswell as Henry IV and the popular Falstaff.

We also had the privilege of seeing Lawrence Olivier's superb production of Henry V, which was especially appreciated by the Matrics who are studying this historical play.

NONIE STRATFORD, PIPPA OSLER,
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MUSIC

This year has been a very eventful one for K.H.C. in the line of musical entertainment. Such artists as the English Duo, Miss Hoffman, Mr. Davidson and Mrs. Wright, and Mrs. Green have been kind enough to come out to the school and give us many evenings of enjoyment.

On November 8th, Mr. Dunlop, representing the Westmount Appreciation Group, gave us an exceptionally good concert of recorded music. Among the many selections were "The Nutcracker Suite," "Finlandia" and Debussy's "Claire de lune." We greatly appreciated this concert which gave us the opportunity of hearing both orchestral and choral music on the same program.

We were delighted with the return of the English Duo, as we had enjoyed Miss Morris and Miss Anderson so much last year. They sang many of our favorites including "The Donkey", "The Queen's Marys", "The Sea Garden", and of course the well-known Australian song "Waltzing-Matilda".

Miss Hoffman, too, had visited the school before, and came back to give us a brilliant performance, playing Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu", three Spanish dances, a Rondo by Beethoven, and several other well-known pieces.

One of the concerts which was particularly

interesting to the school, was that given by Mrs. Wright, a Compton Old Girl. Mrs. Wright, accompanied by Mrs. Neville sang many familiar songs including folk-songs of different countries. We also had the pleasure that evening, of hearing Mr. Arthur Davidson, a talented violinist. He played among other things, "Ave Maria" and a beautiful prayer of his own composition.

On March 2nd we were entertained by Mrs. Green. Her program was completely classical and consisted of Chopin, Bach, Beethoven and Schumann's compositions. We hope that Mrs. Green will return again next year.

The Matrics and VI-A's were lucky enough to be able to attend the Community Concerts again this year. Although we unfortunately could not hear the first concert we thoroughly enjoyed the others. In January we heard Miss Frances Yeerd, the American lyric soprano, and in March, William Primrose, the world-famous violinist. We are looking forward to the next performance which will be given sometime in May.

We would like to thank all these musicians who have helped to widen our knowledge of music and we hope that some day we will have the pleasure of hearing them again.

DIANA KINGSMILL, JULIA WILSON,
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PAUVRE PETITE MINETTE!

Tout d'abord, je dois vous dire que notre pauvre petite Minette n'est ni malheureuse ni petite — bien au contraire. Notre Minette est un bel angora énorme, qui mène une vie de reine. Elle a de grands yeux verts, une queue en panache, et une belle fourrure très soyeuse. Nous l'avons depuis près de cinq ans, mais elle est encore aussi joueuse qu'un chaton. Elle raffole de toute la famille, surtout de mon père, parce que c'est lui qui lui donne à manger.

Quelques-unes de ses habitudes sont amusantes. Par exemple, elle s'assied souvent dans l'évier pour contempler les robinets qui gouttent. Elle aime à essayer d'attraper l'eau dans ses pattes et finit toujours par inonder la muraille. Lorsqu'elle est fatiguée de ce jeu, elle se met alors en boule sous les robinets qui continuent à goutter sur elle...

Un jour, notre chère Minette eut une drôle d'aventure. Alors qu'elle était assise sur le bord du trottoir, une pompe à incendie descendit tout à coup, à toute vitesse, de la Montagne. Comme la pompe à incendie allait tournée le coin, Minette s'imagina que "l'auto géante" était un monstre qui voulait la dévorer. Elle s'élança alors dans la rue, mais les pompiers, pour plaisanter, se mirent à faire sonner leurs deux cloches à toute volée et à la poursuivre. La pauvre Minette, vraiment effrayée, monta sur l'arbre le plus proche de la maison. Ma mère, qui avait été témoin de l'incident, se moqua de Minette. Celle-ci, blessée dans son amour propre, bouda pendant plusieurs jours (il est vrai que notre petite amie est une chatte très humaine).

Le repas de Minette est toujours à dix heures du soir et elle insiste pour qu'on la serve exactement à cette heure. Un soir, ma mère et mon père allèrent jouer au bridge chez des voisins Minette, qui était dehors, savait où ils étaient allés. A dix heures précises, Minette traversa la rue, et après s'être installée sous la fenêtre se mit à miauler pour que quelqu'un revînt à la maison lui donner son repas. Je dis toujours que Minette est la meilleure pendule de la maison, n'ai-je pas raison?

Voilà quelques-uns des tours que notre belle Minette fait si souvent. Ah! si vous pouviez la voir quelquefois, vous en mourriez de rire. J'espère bien qu'il n'y a aucune indiscretion à

ce que je vous raconte ces choses car elle est le membre de la famille le plus important et que je ne voudrais pas la froisser. Pauvre Minette!

ANN PITT, VI-A.

Looking Back

FLASHBACKS TO 1913-1917

BANANAS:

Perhaps someone else will remember a wonderful May morning many years ago. It was Saturday and we were all outside when in through the front gate of K. H. C. came a large truck loaded high with bananas. It was driven by a voluble Italian whose object was plain. He wanted to sell us all bananas, and needless to say we all wanted to buy, but we lacked two things; permission and money! One enterprising spirit rushed to get the former and came back with the joyful tidings that everyone could buy one dozen bananas and draw enough money for this purpose. The orgy was on... some capacities were larger than others, but as I remember the all out record was won by a girl who ate 17. I can not remember who she was... does anyone?

ROUND TRIP

One cold autumn afternoon when it was very soon going to be dark, and decidedly time to think of tea and home, a weary horse, dragging a dilapidated dogcart, came to a stop in front of the imposing entrance of K. H. C. In it were two boys from B. C. S., my cousin Jack Price and a friend (his name, please forgive me, I have forgotten) who had come to see me. An electric current ran through the school, only visible from the outside by the nervous twitching of the curtains on all front windows. There was a dramatic pause, then Miss Joll stepped out onto the balcony overlooking the driveway and asked if these two young men had been given permission to make this earth shaking visit. No, they had not asked for permission. "Very well", said Miss Joll, "then you must return at once". A groan of misery swept through the school as the weary trio started their long trip back to Lennoxville, without tea, without a visit and with, as I later heard, murder in their hearts.

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The Closing Forty Years Back

Dear Miss Paterson.

You tell me you want to know about K.H.C. forty years ago. It makes me realize how true the words of the school song are which say "forgetfully wonder." However I shall try to tell you what I can remember.

Miss Joll's era began in September 1905 (which is when I first went to K.H.C.) At that time all the teachers came from England, with the exception of the music teacher who was German. The school building was very much smaller in those days and only held 48 girls.

We used to go for daily walks in a "crocodile" in the afternoon and got "partners", at the beginning of the term, for each day of the week. — A very poor system for new girls as one probably got someone who turned out to be quite uncongenial. Fortunately "walks" were done away with the next year.

We hadn't a gym in those days and the first hundred dollars towards one was made at a sale at Tadoussac in the summer of 1906.

We used to play basket-ball out in front of the school, and later we had field hockey at the back.

Most of the rooms on the first floor had four cubicles, made by drawing curtains, and we each had a wash-stand with a jug and basin. On cold days the water used to freeze, sometimes, on the top of our jugs. The only heating was in the passages where there were lovely hot air vents in the floor.

There were of course, no motors in those days, and for "treats" we used to go for drives in huge wagons with a pair of horses. Each wagon held fourteen girls. There were sleighs of the same type and I remember one upsetting, and every-

one, including Miss Joll, being thrown out. Fortunately no one was hurt.

In the two and a half years I was at K.H.C. there was never one case of contagious disease, but the village was nearly always "out of bounds", as Miss Joll was so terrified of our catching anything.

We had quite modern plumbing but not an awful lot of it — three bath-rooms on the first floor and I can't remember what they had upstairs, where there were dormitories for the younger pupils.

Are there still wonderful violets in the fields down behind the rectory in the spring? I've never seen better ones than used to grow in the swampy ground there.

Moe's River in those days, was a very pretty little village on the banks of a narrow river. I'm told there is a dam there now. Too bad.

We had a toboggan slide behind the school and an old tumbled down shed which was used as a skating-rink — that is when we had cold enough weather and snow, which was of very short duration usually. We also used to snow-shoe, but I don't remember any skis, though I skied myself before I ever went to Compton.

Are the june-bugs as awful as ever in May? We once had fourteen in one night in our bedroom — I was always terrified of them — still am, but fortunately I hardly ever see one! The choir-boys used to bring them to church in their pockets and let them out during the service to frighten us.

With kind regards to the present members of the school,

Yours very sincerely

ELSPETH LAIRD.

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Sixty Years Ago

Dear Miss Paterson,

Many thanks for your letter asking me to contribute to your school chronicle, an account of my school experiences 61 years ago. This was indeed very flattering to my memory. The things that stand out in my mind after all these years are the cold mornings, getting up in the dark, breaking the ice in the water jug, and then trying to get some of the dust and dirt off my face and neck. Then breakfast — what a meal to remember — doughnuts, cheese (yellow), corn beef hash, and coffee already mixed, milk, sugar, etc., not according to taste, just a labor-saving device.

I am afraid I remember very little about my lessons, except music. After very hard struggling I was elected to play a duet with a friend — at least she ceased to be before the concert, as I had pushed her off the piano stool so often, when things went wrong. It was usually my fault as she played far better than I did.

Another thing I shall always remember was

the long walks, over hard frozen road, and then when the heavy snow descended, the walks were even more difficult.

Another walk which we all dreaded was the long, windy, cold passage, rather like a covered bridge, which ended in a dozen "out houses" — plumbing was unheard of at "Compton Ladies College." I ended my second term with a bad attack of bronchitis. So you see, dear Miss Paterson, what lucky girls you all are, with all the modern comforts you enjoy.

Then I was often in trouble when grand-daddy sent me large boxes of sweets, which, if I remember rightly, we were forbidden to have.

Well it's all very ancient history, and I was really very happy in Compton though I was the youngest girl in the school. I am now the oldest old gal!

With kindest remembrances,

Sincerely yours,

KATHERINE KENNEDY

Daughters and Granddaughters of Old Girls



Back Row: SUE SEXTON (Bonnie Powell), MARJORIE BUNBURY (Marjorie Stain), LINDA PALMER (Pixie Smith), ELIZABETH BRADSHAW (Marjorie Macfarlane), PIPPA OSLER (Audrey Stewart), JANE TRENHOLME (Lesly Gordon), WILLA OGILVIE (Jessie), GILL BROOKFIELD (Naomi Lyman).

Second Row: JUDY TRENHOLME (Lesly Gordon), PRISCILLA WANKLYN (granddaughter of Katherine Kennedy), ANNE TRENHOLME (Lesly Gordon), JOAN WILLIAMS (Enid Price), SHIRLEY GIAN ROBERTSON (Louie Spackman), PAM SMITH (Phyllis Adair Barker), SHIRLEY FELLOWS (Ruth Carsley).

Front Row: KATHERINE PATERSON (granddaughter of Katherine Kennedy), SALLY DOBELL (Sybil Robertson), JENNIFER PORTEOUS (Granddaughter of Katherine Kennedy), BARBARA MACINTOSH (Madeleine Nicoll), SUSAN TEAKLE (Marjorie Francis), BARBARA DAWES (Jean Cassils), ANDREA RUSSELL (Lall Acer).

EATON'S



(Sigh! Sigh!)

Exams are nearly over — It's almost holiday time again!

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SPEED

The speed of water gushing from a tap;
The speed of iron wheels along the rail;
The speed of rolling dice in games of crap;
The speed of graceful cutters under sail;
The speed of players' fingers on the keys;
The speed of rushing winds when storm sare nigh,
The speed of mighty liners on high seas;
The speed of life — where days go fleeting by.

Priscilla Wanklyn, VI B.

THE PAGAN

From her tiller to her top-sail she was the slimmest little, trimmest little craft you could ever hope to see. I remember once hearing my brother John's indignant reply "Can she point? Get her out on a windy day, with an angry wind and roaring waves, you'll see if she can point!"

What a beautiful schooner! Her masts were hard and firm; slender as they were, it is surprising just how much they could withstand. Her bulwarks gleamed, and you could never look at her brass on a sunny day. She would go skimming through the water, with so much ease and grace that you felt sure she would sprout wings and fly. She could be rolled to starboard, rolled to port, and come up with her head high and her nose still pointing fair and true, like a setter when he finds a scent.

It took a clever hand to guide her and a steady one; and John had both. He and his friends would howl with joy when she dipped her nose daintily into the on-coming wave.

When it came to tacking, none could beat her for grace. Just like a swan she was.

John, in his most masterful voice, would proclaim, "T-A-K-I-N-G HER ABOUT!! PULL IN YOUR JIB, YOU LANDLUBBER!!"

John's pride and joy was his boat. It was difficult to keep him at home at all. He said that he always had to be "sailing".

Her name was The Pagan. From tiller to top-sail she was the trimmest little, slimmest little, thirty-two inch craft you could ever hope to see. Her mighty heaving ocean was the pond in our back yard and her waves were made by the splashing of a dozen little boys of five and six.

NONIE STRATFORD, VI-A.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Soups, dresses, bread, Cape Cod cottages, button holes, candy, living rooms, this is Household Science!

This year we welcome our new Household Science teacher, Miss Barbara Savary, a graduate of Acadia University. Also Meriel MacLean, who is taking first year Household Science.

Besides our cooking and sewing classes we have also learned Interior Decoration, Household Management, and Nutrition. We have found Interior Decoration especially interesting.

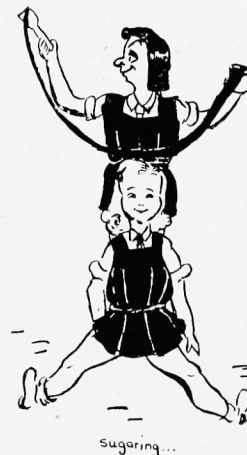
Our Staff Dinner was a success. We hope the Staff enjoyed eating it as much as we enjoyed preparing it. We both want to thank the girls who helped us behind scenes in the kitchen.

We are planning to present three plays sometime in the middle of May, on "Manners" and "Clothing." In the latter, different classes are going to model the clothes which they made during the year.

Our course has had many ups and downs, such as the time at the Staff Dinner when Meriel passed the platter to Miss Gillard without the fork with which to serve it, or the time Pat sewed her dress together wrong side out.

We would like to take this opportunity to say good-bye to Pat as this is her last year, and to wish her lots of luck at Macdonald College next year.

MERIEL MACLEAN and PAT JOHNSON



A. E. DILTS, K.C. E. G. PHIPPS BAKER, K.C.
T. W. LAIDLAW, K.C. C. D. SHEPARD R. P. HAMILTON

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MONTREAL

CHRISTMAS MORNING

It was Christmas morning! Outside, the world was covered in a blanket of crisp, white snow, and still more was falling silently. The little village, nestled snugly in the valley, was still sound asleep, and the evening star was giving off its last rays of brilliance as it prepared to leave the sky until another night. In the east, streaks of pink light slowly rose as the sun began to peep its head over the edge of the world.

Inside the little brick house, Jimmy lay in a sleepy daze watching the scene outside through the icy window pane. Suddenly he remembered — it was Christmas! Oh, the joy of being young and alive on Christmas! Quickly he jumped out of bed, gathering his slippers and dressing-gown in one hand, his bear in the other — for Jimmy never went anywhere without his bear. And then a dreadful thought occurred to him... perhaps Santa hadn't had time yet to visit the Brown house. He hesitated, a frown covering his little brow, but he quickly made up his mind and crept down the stairs. At the bottom he could see the living-room with the Christmas tree standing proudly in the corner. Under it were presents — large ones and small ones — all wrapped up in gaily decorated paper and trimmings.

Silently he crept towards the tree, anticipation and excitement glowing on his little face. Then he saw it! A large basket tied with bright green ribbon was standing in a corner by itself; and on it, written in bold letters were the words "TO JIMMY FROM SANTA!" Eagerly he untied the knots and peered inside. Curled up at the bottom of the basket fast asleep, was a little black puppy — the sweetest puppy he had ever seen. Aware that someone was looking at him, the little dog cocked his ear and opened his brown, mischievous, eyes; then much to Jimmy's surprise leaped up and licked his face. His dream had come true — Jimmy had his dog, and the excitement of his first big present was over, but oh! there were so many more to come!

NANCY RYLEY, VI-B.

VI-B'S NEW LEAF

With Apologies to William Shakespeare.

You see us, Noble Teachers, where we sit,
Such as we are. Though for ourselves alone
We would not be ambitious in our wish,
To wish ourselves much cleverer: yet, for you
We would be trebled twenty times ourselves;
A thousand times more bright, ten thousand
[times

More willing; to stand high in your account —
We might in classes, lessons, plusses, preps,
Exceed account.

PRISCILLA WANKLYN, VI-B.



THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

With Miss Wallace's kind help we were able to have the Photography Club again this year. On January 27th we held our first meeting at which we elected Enid Mary Graham as President, Jane MacLaren as Treasurer, and a committee consisting of Betty Gibbs, Shirley Gian Robertson, Miriam Baker, and Heather MacIver.

We have done a great deal of developing, printing and enlarging and were fortunate in getting some new equipment including special lights for indoor pictures.

We have all enjoyed our activities and we would like to thank Miss Wallace for making the club so much fun.

JANE MACLAREN, VI-A.

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F. H. WHEELER, President

Dramatic Notes

The Dramatic season has been an outstanding one for Compton this year. We have had several entertainments put on by the girls themselves, and a superb performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Gondoliers" directed by Miss MacDonald.

The VI-A's gave an excellent Saturday night's performance, on only two days' notice. There was a variety of acts, including songs, skits and dances. The program concluded with an amusing and original form song. Thank you VI-A for a delightful evening.

At Christmas a one act nativity play was put on by several of the girls in the senior school. This play, performed at a most appropriate time, helped to bring the real spirit of Christmas to the audience. The players handled their parts competently directed by Miss MacDonald, and assisted by Sally Dobell. The settings were extremely well done, and touched just the right note of quiet solemnity.

The main highlight of the year was of course, the very successful production of "The Gondoliers." B.C.S. was invited over for the first performance on May 2nd, and the following evening a great many parents and friends attended.

Barbara Chambers and Jane Hartman were excellently cast as the two Gondoliers, Marco and Guieseppe Palmieri, with Willa Benson, and Marjorie MacKeen striking just the right note, as their young contadine brides. Lucinda Vaughan will be long remembered for her im-



personation of a very haughty and pompous Grand Inquisitor of Spain.

The role of the dominating, yet lovable Duchess of Plazo-Toro was superbly taken by Jill Foster, with Sally Dobell as her husband, the Duke. Judy Aitken as their beautiful daughter Casilda, and Jill Price as the young drummer boy, who became king, were outstanding in their charming performances as the two lovers. Others who took minor roles were, Heather MacIver, Miriam Baker, Betty Dawson, and Daphne Pangman.

The cast was magnificently upheld by the chorus of Gondoliers and contadines, who, with their colorful costumes added atmosphere to the performance.

The hours of work Ann Pitt and Sue Sexton spent on the scenery were well worth the effort as the results were most realistic.

On behalf of the school, I would like to thank Miss MacDonald for all the time and effort she spent making the Gondoliers the great success it was.

SALLY DOBELL, VI-A.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We would like to add that Sally's portrayal of the Duke of Plazo-Toro brought the house down. Her poker face during the comedy scenes, and her perturbation when The Duchess gave her frank opinion of the megalomaniac Duke would have delighted Gilbert and Sullivan themselves.

The lovely suntans acquired by the chorus were also due to Sally's efforts as were a good many of the costumes.



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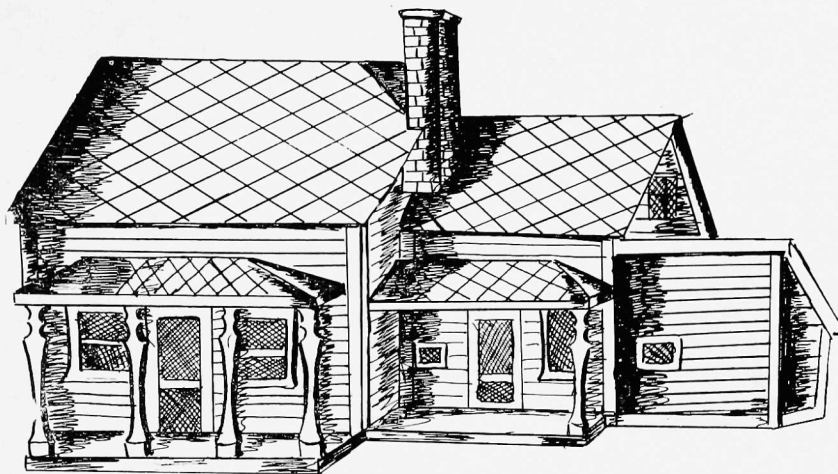
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STORES THROUGHOUT CANADA



THE ANNEX, OR THE JUNIOR COTTAGE

The Annex is the Cottage where the Junior section of King's Hall reside. The forms V-B, IV-A, and IV-B live here.

We are very happy under the care of Mrs. Bannell and Mrs. Thissen, who are very kind to us.

In the Christmas term Mrs. Bannell had Mrs. Riddell assisting her. Mrs. Riddell left us at the end of the term. Next term, as the new matron was late in arriving, we had Lucy Molson, an old girl and sister of one of our younger girls, helping Mrs. Bannell. We had a lot of fun with her, and were very sorry when she left. But soon Mrs. Thissen came, and we are very glad to have someone so nice to help look after us.

We really have a great deal of fun at the cottage. In the Christmas term we rode our bicycles, and climbed trees, as we do in the Summer term.

In the Easter term we did quite a lot of skat-

ing, and skiing. Our star skier of the cottage, Katy Molson, was very busy on the hill, teaching people how to ski. The skating was good this year too. Every day you would see some of the Juniors skating on the rink. At the end of the term we went to the sugar camp to get maple sugar, which was very good.

This year we did something that Juniors have never done before. We had a junior choir. We all dressed in the choir gowns, and sang in the church. It went off very well.

Sometimes on rainy days or on Friday nights, Mrs. Thissen very kindly shows us some of her movies, which are very interesting. She also takes movies of us when we are out playing.

We hope the Juniors next year will have as nice a time over at the cottage as we have had this year.

JENNIFER JOB, V-B.

ON OUR DUMBNESS

(Dedicated to VI-A Parallel)

When we consider how our life is spent,
Through half our days, in this small room but
wide.

And with our talents to the mistress' eyes
Lodged with us useless, though our souls more
bent

To serve there with Miss Gillard, and present
A good report, lest Dad, beholding, chide:
"Do storks deliver babies, brains denied?"

We slowly die. But Mother, to uplift
Our spirits, soon replies: "Daughters don't
need

Either my mind or your own wit". The girls
Who only dream and smile, they do the best.
With posture stately, thousands at their feet
Will kneel, and beg for favours without jest.
—Our only hope to get there with the rest.

BYRNE WHEELER, VI-A, Parallel.

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

"A blythe, carefree personality," you would say if you met this girl. Her mischievous, winning smile reminds one of an elf or brownie. Sometimes, when she takes off her socks and shoes, she looks like a fairy. It is not that she is especially beautiful, but that she is dainty and delicately pretty. Observing her, one somehow gets the feeling that she is from another world and is still half-living in that magical place. Although her smile is full of merriment, she usually is not laughing at things around her, but at some pleasant thought that happens to be tickling her sense of humour at the moment. There is an attractive, devil-may-care quality in her, which, in another, might not be pleasant. She is perfectly natural in her manner, and has a frank, outspoken way of saying what she thinks.

Occasionally, one comes across a serious streak in her, surprising in a person so happy-go-lucky. Very often she looks into the distance with a shining light in her eyes and her face seems to be illumined. Then, someone will speak to her, and she will jump as though startled back to earth. At that moment she looks timidly frightened, as a deer held at bay by hunting hounds. It is at times such as these that one really wants to share one's thoughts with her and visit the make-believe places that she is obviously visiting.

It is quite refreshing to be with her, as one then feels apart from the hard world and its wearying struggles, and one shares, for brief moments, the unreality of the atmosphere that she creates around her. She is like a merry little brook, bubbling with the wonder of life. She is like a dancing sunbeam, a kettle on the hearth, a rollicking breeze, or a twinkling star. She resembles exciting spring with the fresh, new green things pushing their way through the earth, and the little primroses and violets peeping out from beneath cool, shading leaves. She is a person who has spent a great deal of time by herself, and so, unintentionally, she will always live in her own little world to which few will be able to find the key. She is, and always will be surrounded with love, for without the slightest effort on her part, she is attractive and lovable.

GILL BROOKFIELD, VI-B.



LABORATORY REPORT

This year when we heard "Miss Wallace's Dream" had come true at last we knew that a wonderful change had taken place in the basement. The New Laboratory was finished and what a transformation!

In place of former bathroom sinks, narrow surfaces and gas jets, there now stand two double rows of lamp tables, a demonstration desk and shiny gooseneck taps. The two double lamp tables accommodate twenty-four people, each person having two drawers, a cupboard shelf and an extra sliding shelf for writing. These are all equipped with the necessary apparatus. The tables and demonstration desk are painted with acid resisting paint. Each table has three sinks and six gas jets, so that there is a burner per person. A fine cupboard and an extra cupboard for physics' supplies are also new additions. The blackboard is lit by special reflectors, the rest of the room by fluorescent lights.

For many years the girls of the school will be indebted to a most generous donation, from a long standing friend of the school, who made this transformation possible.

LUCINDA VAUGHAN, VI-A.

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SUMMER AND WINTER...



THE LODGE AT SMUGGLERS' NOTCH
Mt. Mansfield

Stowe, Vermont

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Down in Sleepy Hollow
In rooms that are double
Sleep sixteen of VI-A
Who are always in trouble
.....

Echoing down the hall from Beall
There comes a lusty shout
"Whoever's in my bath just now
Had better get right out!"

Miriam is an author who
A book someday will write,
Jonky from the States does come
And they raise Cain at night.

Skiing is for our pal Byrne
And in this she is swell.
And Lou-Lou and Marie also
In this sport do excel.

Jill, there is the phone again
And it's from B. C. S.
Don't get too excited though—
It is your brother, I guess.

Shuffle, shuffle to the mail
Runs Daph with all her might,
Glancing o'er the letters sighs
"Oh dear, he didn't write!"

Marj, now, is our musical one,
Her hair is like a mop,
When she gets her laughing fits
It's hard to make her stop.

Benny in the Gondoliers
As Tessa sang so well,
Dione, her room-mate, loves her horse
And always rings the bell.

Pitt she is our clever one,
And knows what's going on;
Cinders loves to read and talk
And was our stately Don.

Sally our actress is very good,
She rooms with Sarnia's Nonie.
Last, not least, there comes a girl,
Fun-loving, friendly Joanie.

DAPHNE PANGMAN, VI-A.

DEAR DIARY

As my first year in the upper school draws to a close I want to look back on some of the wonderful times we've had together. Remember the night the brighter half of the class went visiting, and, quite by accident, asked a prefect "Where do we go from here?"

And there were the times we had to go for croc-walks, and one by one went to Miss Keyzer with shoes to be repaired. The bills were certainly high on those days!

We now come to the good points, few as they are. Some of us used up our energy kicking a soccer ball around the field and wearing our shoes out that way. And then there are several of us who raise our voices in other noises besides screaming, as Miss MacDonald found out when we joined the chorus of the Gondoliers. Mary-Fayre Tremaine and Jane Gordon gave forth with two solos and kicked up their heels dancing the Cachucha. Mary Allen MacIntosh also took part in flinging roses about the stage and her voice over the footlights. The artistic and literary members of our form spent their spare time with paint brush and pencil composing and illustrating articles for the magazine.

This has been a perfect year even if we did have our troubles.

V-A.

VI-A

Who is VI-A, what is she,
That all the staff commend her?
Tidy, fair, and wise is she;
Miss Wallace grace did lend her,
That she might admir'ed be.

Is she neat as she is fair?
For people oft' deride her;
And with language harsh and cruel
Try to help and guide her
Assisted by the golden rule.

Then to VI-A let us sing
With loud, uproarious cries;
For she excels in everything,
Whatever might arise
To her let praises ring

MIRIAM BAKER, VI-A.
(With apologies to Shakespeare.)

Compliments of

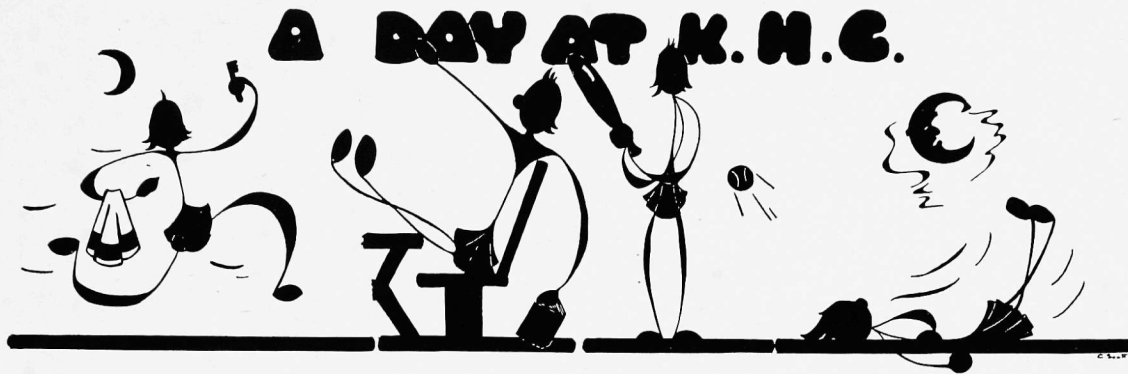
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Old Girls' News

THE K.H.C.O.G.A. RE-UNION OF 1947

"So we came back in April to our School To walk old trails we had not known since youth."

Ten long years have passed since our last reunion—years fraught with the turmoil and holocaust of war. Our third reunion was really due in 1942 but world conditions precluded all chances of such an event and so it was decided to postpone it to a later date.

For the last two or three years, Miss Gillard has been urging us to organize another reunion. Consequently, at the November last meeting of the Montreal Branch, it was moved and seconded that we support this event. Dates were set for April 11th—14th. Pupils would be home for their Easter holidays and the school would be completely turned over to the "old girls". Some 800 notices were sent out to this effect, stating that the first 150 applications returned would be accommodated.

The Committee was somewhat disappointed at the small number of affirmative replies received, but on consideration there were many factors to account for the drop in attendance. The greatest stumbling block was lack of domestic help. Many girls were in the midst of raising families, many about to be married and many could not obtain leave of absence from their business positions. The younger set were mainly college girls, deep in the misery of studying for examinations; and so, for these reasons, the Montreal Committee were a little nervous at first about the success of the reunion, but I would like to say that their fears proved groundless.

I have attended all three reunions and have visited the school many times in the thirty years

since graduation but I never get over the nostalgic thrill of rounding the turn in the road by the church and first spotting the roofs of K.H.C.! Just "coming back to school" gives me such a mental lift that it almost serves as a tonic.

I heard a remark passed hoping that this would not turn out to be a "Tired Mothers' Reunion". Some of the old girls may have come out with that feeling but I say emphatically that I saw no such sign. I saw years cast aside like so many old winter clothes—present day cares and worries were forgotten, and for three days we were young again, if not in appearance then most decidedly in spirits and action! Some of the "girls" had not seen each other for nearly thirty years—that was something! We all knew perfectly well the years had not passed over us any too lightly but wasn't it such fun to say "Why, you haven't changed at all!" and, of course, we purred contentedly and thoroughly believed it.

The registration list showed that some old girls had travelled many miles to get back. Doris Brodie Wilcox '17 motored up from Albany, Eleanor Lancaster White '30 came from New York, Joan Glasco Lloyd '30 from Andover, N.H., and Alice Carpenter from Halifax. Louise Phillips '38 started out from Winnipeg but fell ill at Toronto and was unable to be present.

After a hearty lunch on Saturday, we all tore down to the sugar camp in the Coaticook Woods as we had been told the owner had provided plenty of "stick" for us. How times have changed. In my day it used to be the camp on the Moes River Road which one could not

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exactly regard as a highly hygienic plant. This camp was clean and spotless with long trestle tables and benches scrubbed white. The stick was poured into sanitary cartons and we were provided with special paddles (and all at a very special price!) with which we either beat the mixture into maple cream or else spooned it into our ever-ready mouths. What a treat!

Back at the school and dressed again as very proper persons, we had a delightful sherry party which certainly added to the informality of the holiday! After supper we were entertained by movies, followed by more eats, and by midnight were supposed to be wending our way to bed. Many were the visits from room to room reviving old memories, punctuated by peals of laughter when someone would say "Oh, and do you remember when - - ?"

Sunday morning saw us all at church with an excellent impromptu choir. The Rev. Elton Scott, from Lennoxville, husband of Grace Parrock '17, assisted Canon Kelley with the service.

After lunch we congregated in the lounge where the new honour roll was put on display and the names read out. There are over 100, with more to be added. When completed, it will be formally presented to the school at the June closing. As a mark of appreciation from the old girls, Miss Gillard was presented with a black corde bag and Miss Keyzer with a compact.

The weather being cold and rainy that day, we devoted some time to basketball, badminton and swimming. I looked down from the gym gallery and several times remarked "Who is that young girl?" "Oh" the reply would come, "she is so-and-so and has two, three or four children" as the case might be. It was unbelievable—they looked like fourteen-year-olds, scampering round the gym floor completely oblivious for the moment of anything but playing the game.

The pool is beyond description and nearly everyone had a dip at one time or another. One old girl got thrown in most unceremoniously for breaking up a bingo game!

Sunday supper was served buffet style in the lounge. What with a roaring fireplace and the room full of flowers, it was a wonderful idea and what a supper! It served to bring us all together in one happy group where all ages mixed.

I might say there was very little sleeping done on Sunday night. I believe lessons in the ballet, both modern and futuristic, were given after midnight followed by sing-songs, a fashion show and very early morning turkey sandwiches.

I would like to mention the school chef, Mr. Burt. He gave up part of his holidays to come back and cook for us that week-end, as did some others of the house staff. I know I voice everyone's opinion when I pay special tribute to the wonderful meals he served. They were scrumptious and it just seemed to be one long feast from morning till night. Our old friend Jimmy kept the fires burning for us and we paid him a special visit to the furnace room. We thank Mrs. Aitken, Miss Keyzer and Mlle Cailteux for making our holiday such a success.

The last old girl left for home Monday afternoon. We all vowed we had had the best time of any reunion and started talking about the next one. May I urge any of you who have never attended one of these events to keep 1952 in mind and determine to come and be rejuvenated as we all were. Our heartiest thanks go to Miss Gillard who is such a grand sport and who enters so thoroughly into our fun. She is a wonderful hostess—all old girls have an open invitation to go back at any time for a few days "break". Take advantage of that and determine to "Keep Troth" with her and the school at the 4th reunion in 1952.

VIVIENNE ROBERTSON FLETCHER 1914-17.

ENGAGEMENTS

Nancy Hughson to J. Stuart Binks, marriage to take place on June 14th, in Ottawa.

Elizabeth Edmenson to Major F. B. Maclaran.

Audrey Esler to William K. G. Savage, marriage to take place on June 7th.

Keltie MacKinnon to H. Douglas Thorp, marriage to take place May 17th, in Ottawa.

Ida Cressy Kenny to Ronald M. Kent, marriage took place in March, 1947.

Joan Gillies to Mr. David Tupper, marriage to take place on May 31st.

MARRIAGES

Virginia Cluse to J. L. Nicholson, Nov. 18, 1946.

Sheila Birks to Laird W. Bovaird on September 7th, 1946.

Gloria Partridge to Warren P. Humphreys on August 3rd, 1946.

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Anne Duncanson to David G. M. Cape on June 25th, 1946.

Phyllis Elder to Ian Matheson on Jan. 25, 1947.

Barbara Fellowes to Richard M. Ross in December, 1946.

Suzanne Haas to John D. Stohn on October 5th, 1946, in Toronto, Ont.

Connie Benison to Edward J. Winters, November 1946.

Marjorie Lewis to Dr. Lauder Brunton on December 30th, 1946.

Peggy O'Connor-Fenton to Leslie W. Clapham on April 3rd, 1947.

Diana Dawes Friker to Leslie R. McLernon on April 25th, 1947.

Joy Harvie to Donald Maclaren on April 26th, 1947.

Betty Shuter to Don Oland on May 10, 1947.

Janet Gunn to John A. Wainwright on April 17th, 1947.

Dorothy Southam to George W. Edgar on October 30th, 1946.

BIRTHS

Mrs. C. Victor Vickers, Mary Grant, on September 3rd, 1946, a daughter.

Mrs. Gerald Strickland, Ruth Hughson, on October 26th, 1946, a son.

Mrs. John L. Rankin, Nancy Shorey, on October 19th, 1946, a daughter.

Mrs. I. R. McDougall, Janet Porteous, on October 1946, a daughter.

Mrs. John Pullam, Joan Hodgson, October 1946, a daughter.

Mrs. Peter Shoch, Meg Aitken, on June 20th, 1946, a son.

Mrs. Dan Doheny, Norah Deane Baillie, April 8th, 1947, a son.

Mrs. Brian Lamplugh, Mary McCort, on Feb. 9th, 1947, a daughter, in Hampshire, England.

Mrs. Frank W. Morkill, June Peverley, on February 26th, 1947, a son.

Mrs. A. R. McMurrich, Carol Roy, on March 9th, 1947, a son.

Mrs. Pierre Brunet, Sheila Archibald, on April 2nd, 1947, a son.

Mrs. Jack Walls, Elvira Holden, on April 25th, 1947, a daughter.

Mrs. Edgar Etienne, Margaret Porter, on May 7th, 1947, a daughter.

Mrs. Raphael Fanjul, Margaret Stewart, on November 29th, a son.

Mrs. W. R. Nesbitt, Mary Anderson, 1929-1930, at the Western Hospital, November 12th, 1946, a daughter.

GENERAL NEWS

Anna Martin is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Ruth Neeld is in training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Cathy Ann Notman, Enid French and Valerie Reid are taking a secretarial course at the Mother House.

Shirley Wright and Pat Orr are taking a Domestic Science Course at Macdonald College.

Ann Morkill, Mary Skelton, Jane Robb, Barbara Williamson, Mary Robertson, and Elizabeth McLennan are attending McGill University.

Willa Birks has been attending Branksome Hall in Toronto.

Martha McCabe is attending the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

Mary Fowler and Sheila Birks Bovaird are on the executive of the Junior League.

Madame Adrian Roell, Kathleen MacDonald, of Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, and her two small sons who were Japanese prisoners of war for five years, spent the past year visiting in Canada.

Daintry Chisholm is attending Trafalgar School.

Shirley Kennedy is attending Miss Edgar's School.

Helen Price is at the Themis Club.

Edith Hyndman has completed her training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Rahno Aitken and Helen Hooper have completed their training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Jennifer Holmes has returned to England.

Hazel Cole is in training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mrs. James Barnet, Betty Stevens, is living at Camp Shilo, Manitoba.

Mrs. F. S. McCaw, Florence Howard is now living in Vancouver.

Miss Cynthia Cochrane is associated with the American Airlines in Toronto and has arranged over 1,000 transatlantic flights during the past year.

DECEASED

Frances E. Porteous on September 23rd, 1946.

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Statement of Receipts and Disbursements for the Year Ended May 10th, 1947

RECEIPTS		DISBURSEMENTS	
Cash in Bank, May 1st, 1946.....	\$427.88	Stationery, Stamps, Printing.....	\$ 92.28
Annual Membership Fees.....	342.00	Travelling Expenses.....	18.50
Receipts—Teas and Luncheons.....	53.60	Teas and Luncheons.....	78.03
Branch Fees.....	7.50	Magazines.....	101.00
Bank Interest Earned.....	2.51	Bank Charges.....	.83
Re-union Registration Fees.....	50.50	Laura Joll Memorial Prize.....	10.00
		Re-Union Expenses.....	55.04
			<u>\$355.68</u>
		Cash in Bank, April 30th, 1947.....	528.31
	<u>\$883.99</u>		<u>\$883.99</u>

Submitted with our letter of May 14th, 1947.
Montreal, May 4, 1947

Campbell, Glendinning, & Dever,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

List of Exchanges

THE AMMONITE: St. Hilda's School, Calgary, Alta.
LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont
EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: B. S. S., Toronto, Ont.
LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, Que.
THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.
TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.
THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
OVENDEN CHRONICLE: Ovenden, Barrie, Ont.
THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
THE MITRE: U.B.C., Lennoxville, Que.
THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE, Lennoxville, Que.
TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, Saskatoon, Sask.

Staff Directory

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Bell, Mrs., 15 Church St., Lennoxville, Que.
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Hughes, Miss H., 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
Jamieson, Miss A., La Tuque, Que.
Keith, Miss M. V., Havelock, N.B.
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